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ANDY PANDA

FEB 16 1961

This is a Tigerhorse

A Tigerhorse is fierce as a tiger
if anybody tries to take his Kraft Caramels
because they're so chewy and good. And
he whinnies like a horse because
he always wants more.

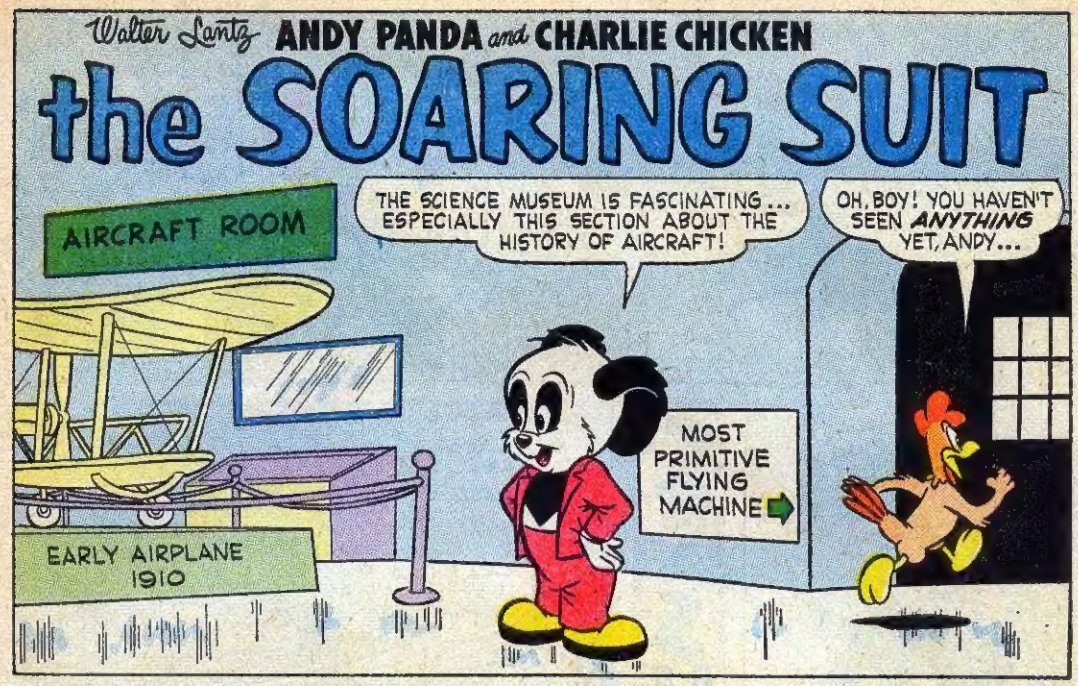
Two kinds. Chocolate or Vanilla. Take your choice in bars of 6 or get *both* in bags—they're a bargain either way!

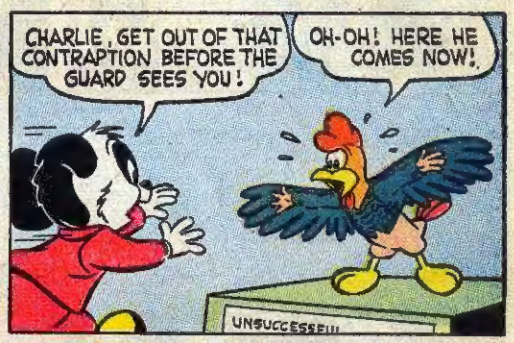
Kraft makes
Caramels like
Kraft makes
everything-and that's good!

See Perry Como's Kraft Music Hall, NBC-TV, Wednesday nights

Walter Lantz ANDY PANDA and CHARLIE CHICKEN

the SOARING SUIT





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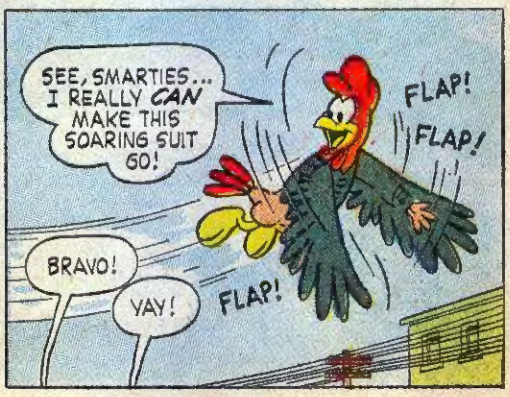
BUT MOST EVERYBODY FINDS IT HARD TO BELIEVE . . .



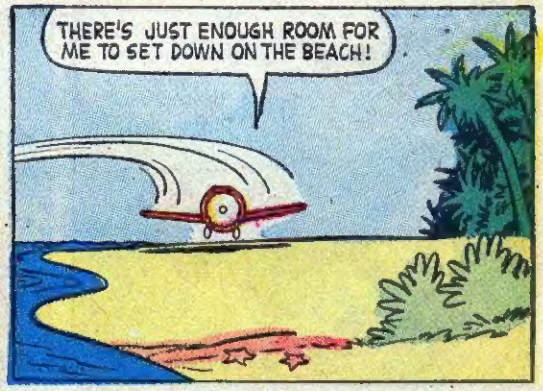
(HUFF-PUFF!) THIS WIND IS TOO STRONG... LIKE AN OX!
HALP! HALP!

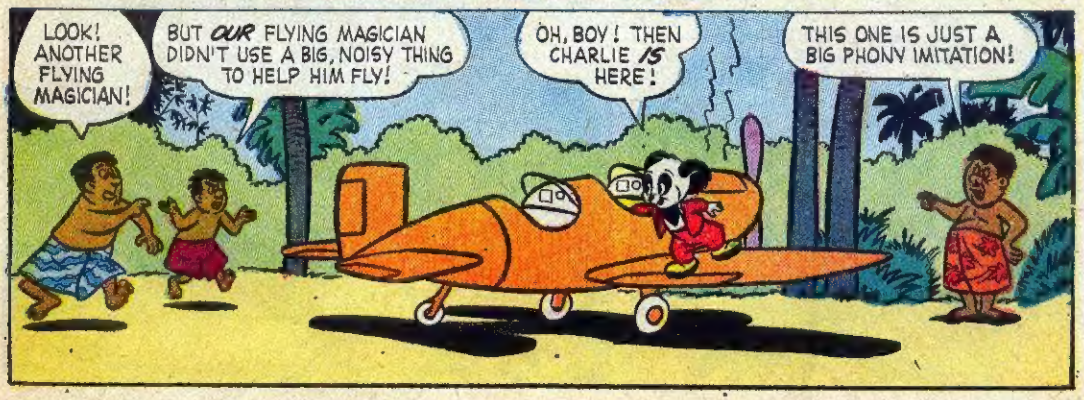
WHAT'S HE SAYING?
CAN'T TELL! HE'S TOO FAR AWAY!
WELL, IT'S QUITE A STUNT! FRONT PAGE NEWS!
GOSH! HE'S STILL GOING AND NOBODY'S WORRIED!

BUT CHARLIE'S MY PAL, AND I'M PLENTY WORRIED! THOSE HIGH WINDS OFTEN GO GREAT DISTANCES!

LUCKILY I CAN FLY AN AIRPLANE! I'LL RENT ONE AND FOLLOW CHARLIE!
U-RENT
U-RENT AIR-PLANES

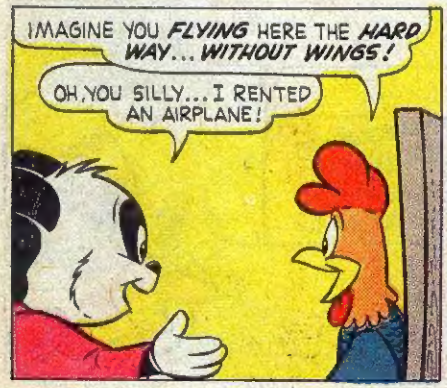
HOURS PASS AND THEN...
AN ISLAND! I HOPE HE WAS ABLE TO LAND ON IT!


THERE'S JUST ENOUGH ROOM FOR ME TO SET DOWN ON THE BEACH!


LOOK! ANOTHER FLYING MAGICIAN!
BUT OUR FLYING MAGICIAN DIDN'T USE A BIG, NOISY THING TO HELP HIM FLY!
OH, BOY! THEN CHARLIE IS HERE!
THIS ONE IS JUST A BIG PHONY IMITATION!

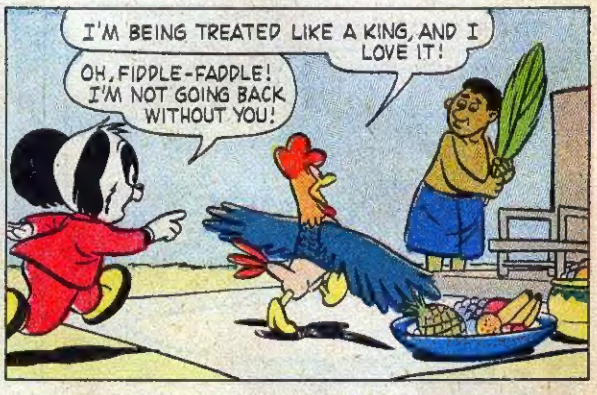
YOU COME! WE'LL ASK OUR MAGICIAN ABOUT YOU!
HEH! THAT'S IT! TAKE ME TO CHARLIE!

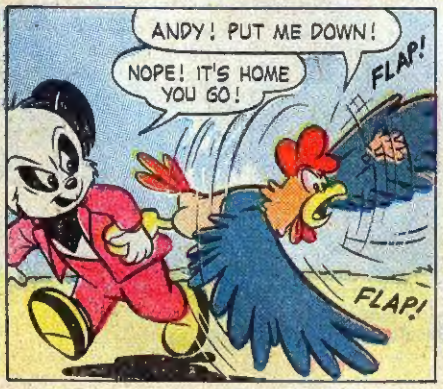
OH, MIGHTY MAGICIAN... LOOK WHAT FLEW IN!
CHARLIE!
ANDY: YOU'RE TERRIFIC!

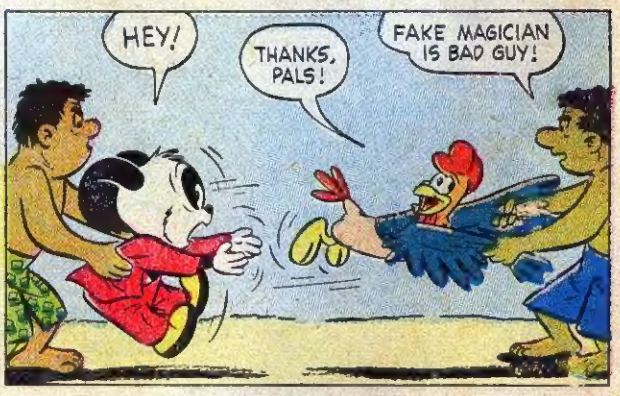

IMAGINE YOU FLYING HERE THE HARD WAY... WITHOUT WINGS!
OH, YOU SILLY... I RENTED AN AIRPLANE!

BUT WHY DO THESE NATIVES CONSIDER YOU TO BE A REAL MAGICIAN AND ME A PHONY?
'CAUSE I STOPPED THE BIG RAIN THAT HAD BEEN DRENCHING THE ISLAND FOR DAYS!

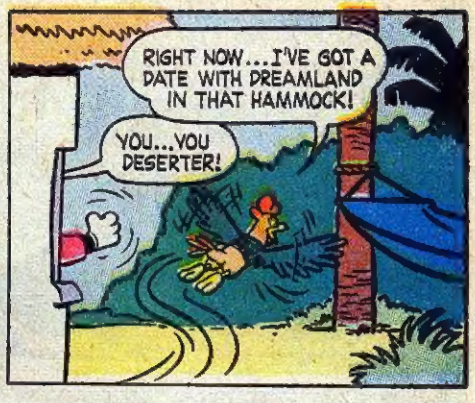
YOU STOPPED RAIN?! WHY, CHARLIE, IT'S OBVIOUS THAT THE BIG WIND YOU WERE SAILING IN BLEW THE RAIN AWAY!
HUSH UP, ANDY! DON'T SPOIL A GOOD DEAL!


I'M BEING TREATED LIKE A KING, AND I LOVE IT!
OH, FIDDLE-FADDLE! I'M NOT GOING BACK WITHOUT YOU!


ANDY! PUT ME DOWN!
NOPE! IT'S HOME YOU GO!
FLAP!
FLAP!


HEY!
THANKS, PALS!
FAKE MAGICIAN IS BAD GUY!

So...
CHARLIE! YOU CAN'T LET THEM DO THIS TO ME!
HEH! DON'T WORRY... I'LL LET YOU OUT ONCE YOU'VE LEARNED YOUR LESSON!


RIGHT NOW...I'VE GOT A DATE WITH DREAMLAND IN THAT HAMMOCK!
YOU...YOU DESERTER!

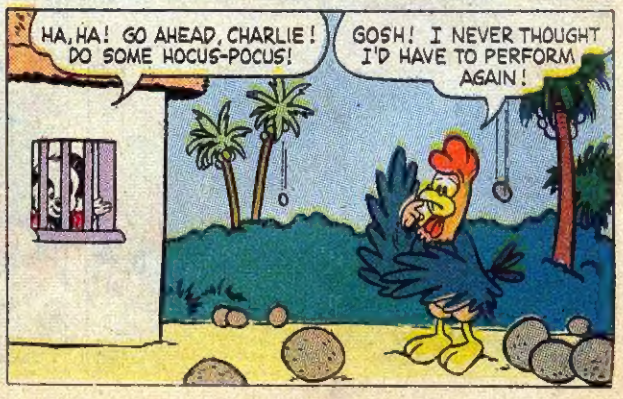
THOOMP!
OOF!

SAY, THIS IS A TERRIBLE WAY TO SERVE LUNCH TO AN IMPORTANT BIRD LIKE ME!
ER...IT MUST HAVE SERVED ITSELF!

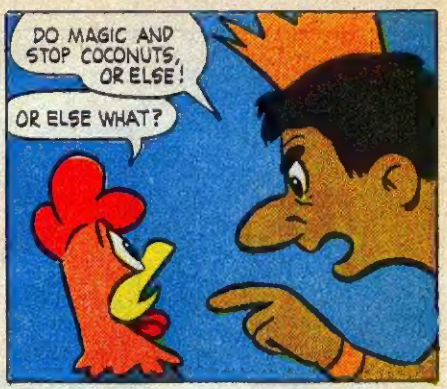
SAY, YOU'RE RIGHT... LOTS OF COCONUTS ARE FALLING!
OUCH! BUT IT'S ONLY SPRING TIME!
BOP!

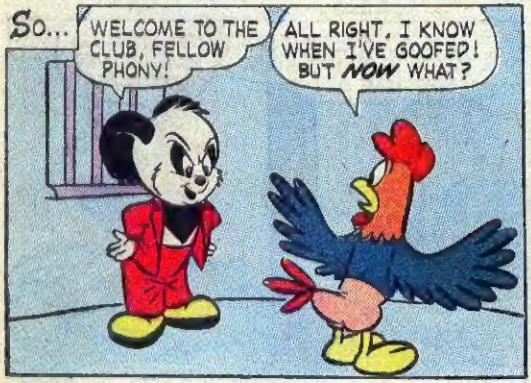
COCONUTS SHOULDN'T FALL UNTIL FALL!
OW! I SURE HATE THEM OUT OF SEASON!
BONK!

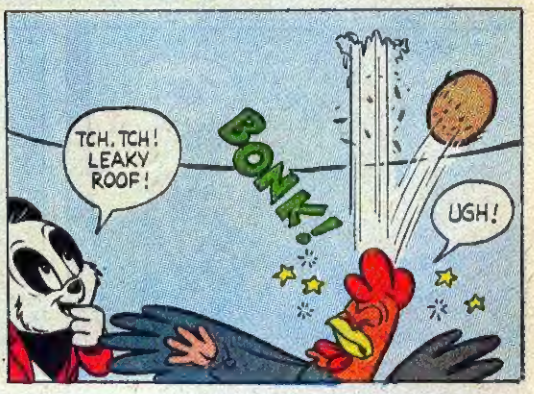
STOP THEM FROM FALLING, O' FLYING MAGICIAN!
HUH?

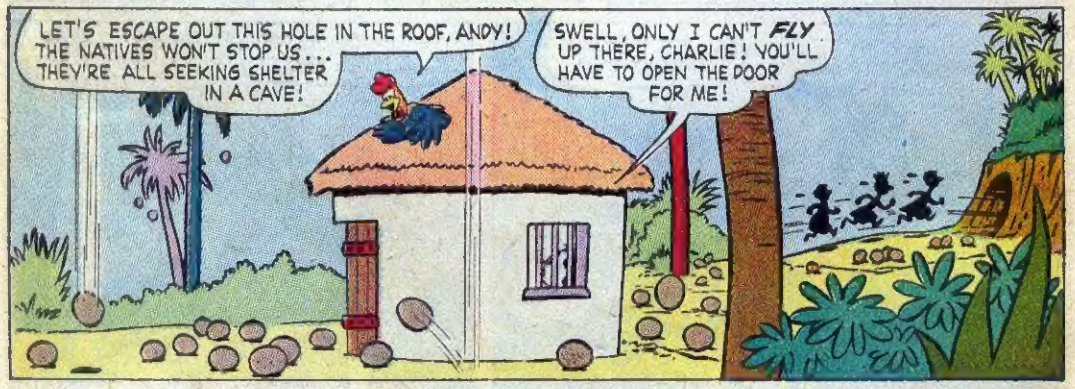

HA, HA! GO AHEAD, CHARLIE! DO SOME HOCUS-POCUS!
GOSH! I NEVER THOUGHT I'D HAVE TO PERFORM AGAIN!

ER...HOW ABOUT THE DAY OFF, CHIEF?
YOU KIDDIN'!?
OW!

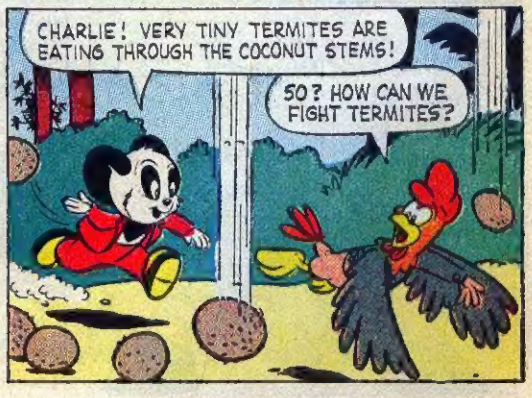

DO MAGIC AND STOP COCONUTS, OR ELSE!
OR ELSE WHAT?

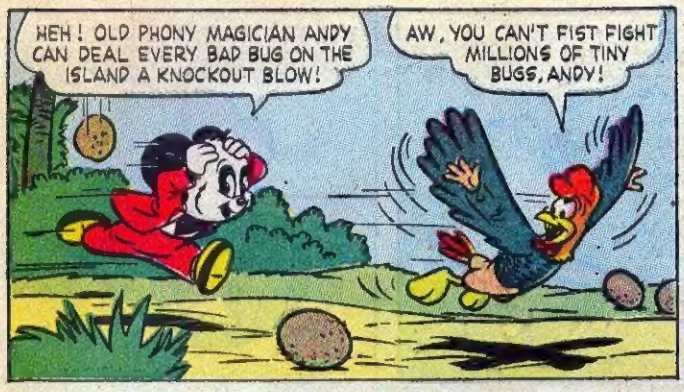

SO...
WELCOME TO THE CLUB, FELLOW PHONY!
ALL RIGHT, I KNOW WHEN I'VE GOOFED! BUT NOW WHAT?


TCH, TCH! LEAKY ROOF!
BONK!
UGH!


LET'S ESCAPE OUT THIS HOLE IN THE ROOF, ANDY! THE NATIVES WON'T STOP US... THEY'RE ALL SEEKING SHELTER IN A CAVE!
SWELL, ONLY I CAN'T FLY UP THERE, CHARLIE! YOU'LL HAVE TO OPEN THE DOOR FOR ME!

HMM...VERY INTERESTING!
C'MON... C'MON... LET'S GO!


CHARLIE! VERY TINY TERMITES ARE EATING THROUGH THE COCONUT STEMS!
SO? HOW CAN WE FIGHT TERMITES?


HEH! OLD PHONY MAGICIAN ANDY CAN DEAL EVERY BAD BUG ON THE ISLAND A KNOCKOUT BLOW!
AW, YOU CAN'T FIST FIGHT MILLIONS OF TINY BUGS, ANDY!

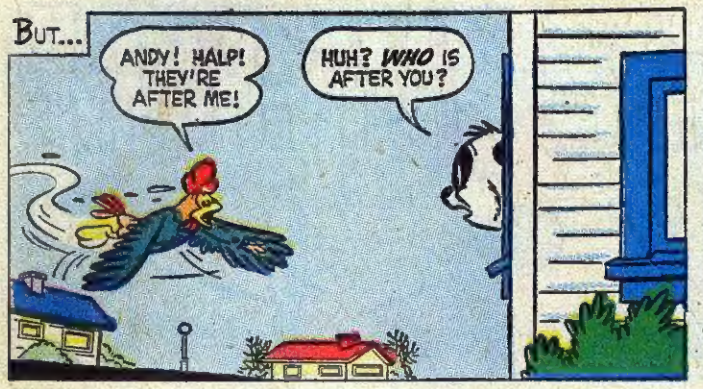
FISTS? OH, NO... THERE'S MY WEAPON... MODERN MAGIC!
THE AIRPLANE?

IT'S A CROP DUSTER, CHARLIE! IT'S GOT A HOPPER FULL OF BUG KILLER!
HEY! THEN LET'S GET HOPPIN'!

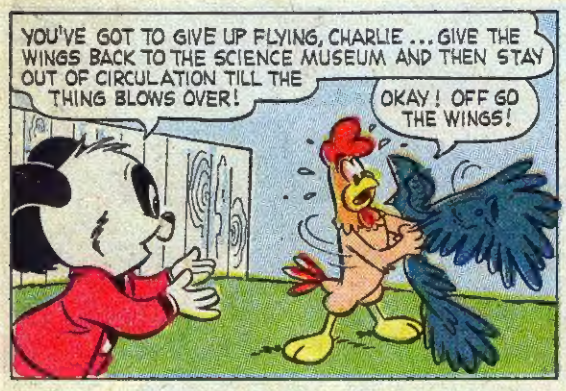
SO...
LOTS OF FARMERS USE CROP DUSTERS NOWADAYS TO GET RID OF INSECT PESTS! IT'S A PROVEN CROP SAVER!
BOY! YOU'RE GONNA BE A HEAP BIG HERO WITH THE NATIVES, ANDY!

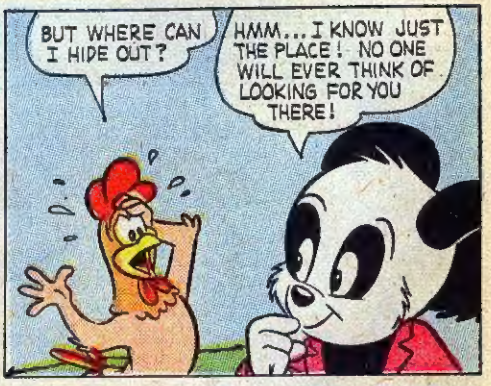
NOPE! I DON'T WANT TO BE A PHONY HERO! I'LL SAY MY GOOD-BY WITH A DIP OF MY WINGS!
YEAH! LET'S LEAVE WELL ENOUGH ALONE!

I'LL BE SATISFIED WITH BEING A FLYING HERO BACK HOME! I CAN'T GET IN ANY TROUBLE *THAT* WAY!


BUT...
ANDY! HALP! THEY'RE AFTER ME!
HUH? *WHO* IS AFTER YOU?

EVERYBODY FROM THE MUSEUM GUARD TO THE AIR FORCE! THEY ALL WANT ME TO DO FANTASTIC THINGS LIKE (*BRR!*) FLY OVER THE NORTH POLE AND BE IN RACES AND SO ON!

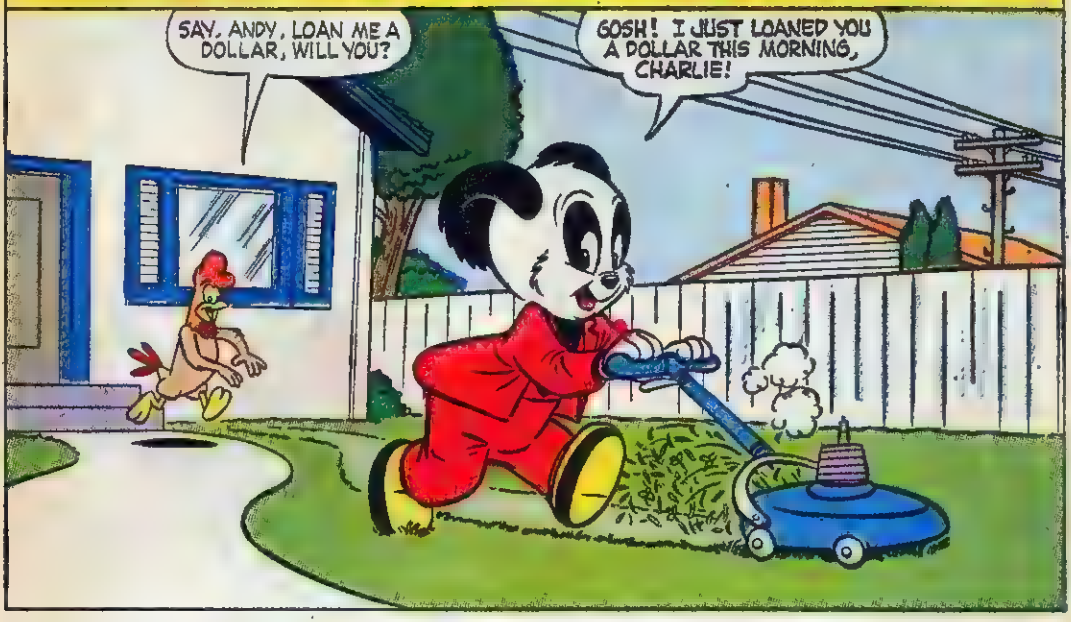

YOU'VE GOT TO GIVE UP FLYING, CHARLIE ... GIVE THE WINGS BACK TO THE SCIENCE MUSEUM AND THEN STAY OUT OF CIRCULATION TILL THE THING BLOWS OVER!
OKAY! OFF GO THE WINGS!

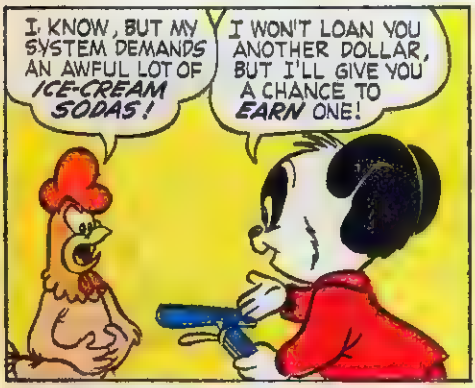

BUT WHERE CAN I HIDE OUT?
HMM... I KNOW JUST THE PLACE! NO ONE WILL EVER THINK OF LOOKING FOR YOU THERE!

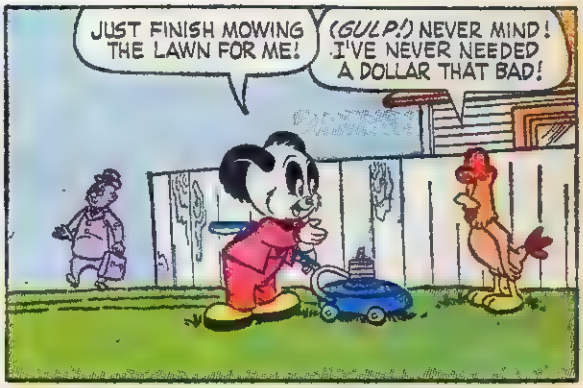
SO...
AIRCRAFT
SEA CRAFT
DOGGONE IT, ANDY... THIS IS WHAT I CALL DROPPING OUT OF SIGHT *TOO FAR!*
AHEM! DROP PERISCOPE... GUARD CRUISING IN FROM STARBOARD!
SUBMARINE

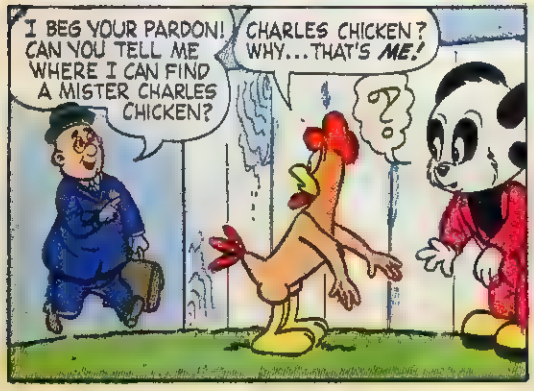
Walter Lantz ANDY PANDA and CHARLIE CHICKEN

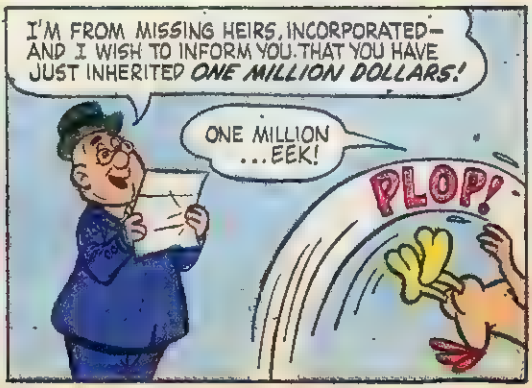
THE HAIR-BRAINED HEIR

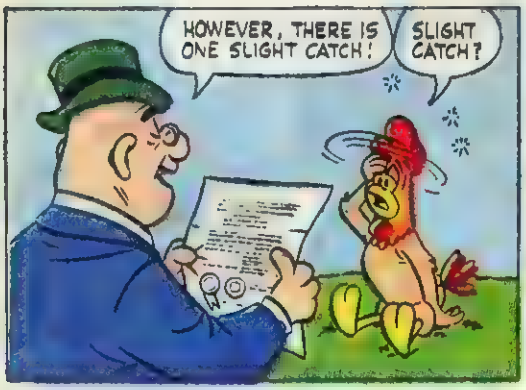


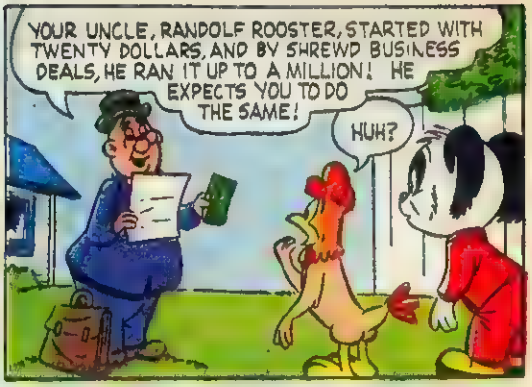


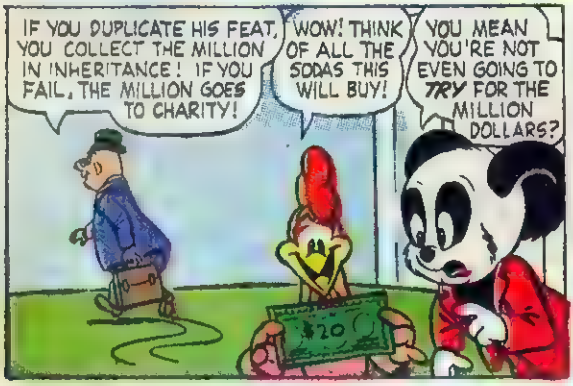


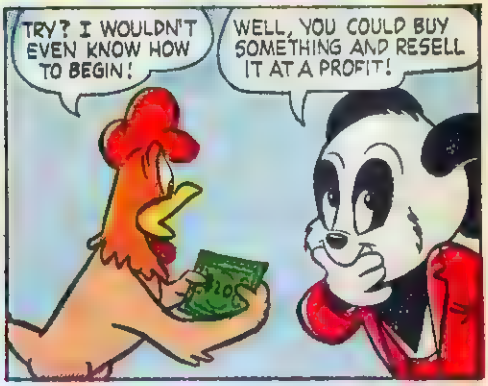


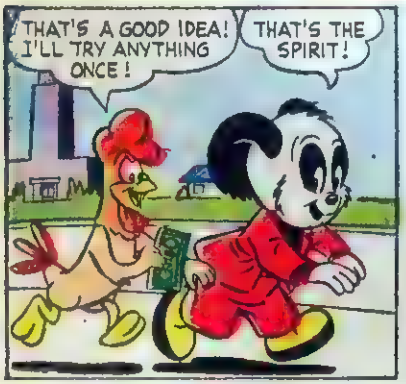


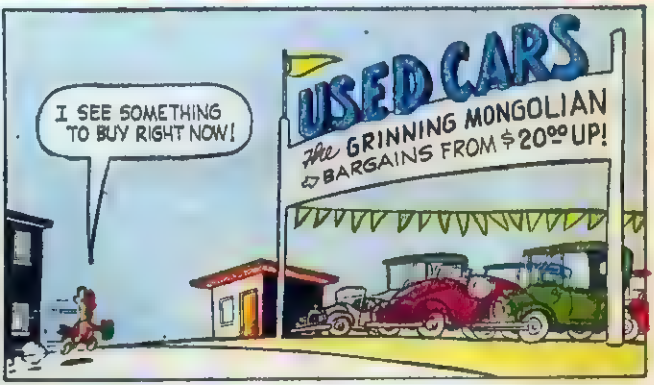

HOWEVER, THERE IS ONE SLIGHT CATCH!
SLIGHT CATCH?


YOUR UNCLE, RANDOLF ROOSTER, STARTED WITH TWENTY DOLLARS, AND BY SHREWD BUSINESS DEALS, HE RAN IT UP TO A MILLION! HE EXPECTS YOU TO DO THE SAME!
HUH?

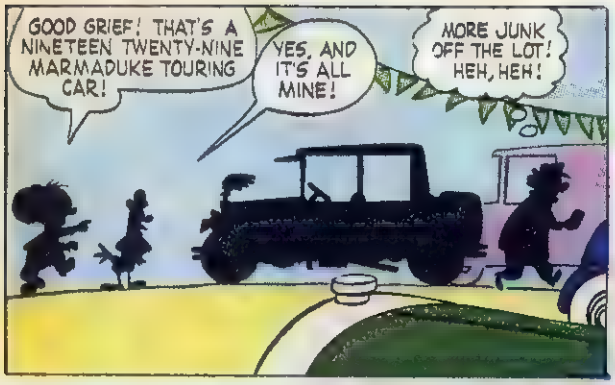

IF YOU DUPLICATE HIS FEAT, YOU COLLECT THE MILLION IN INHERITANCE! IF YOU FAIL, THE MILLION GOES TO CHARITY!
WOW! THINK OF ALL THE SODAS THIS WILL BUY!
YOU MEAN YOU'RE NOT EVEN GOING TO TRY FOR THE MILLION DOLLARS?
$20

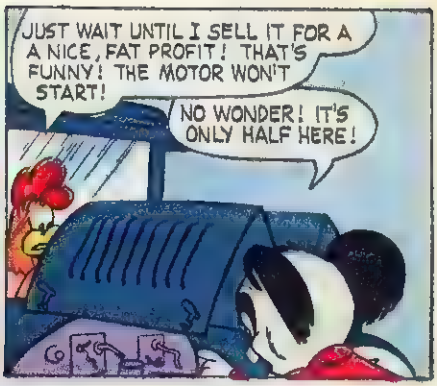

TRY? I WOULDN'T EVEN KNOW HOW TO BEGIN!
WELL, YOU COULD BUY SOMETHING AND RESELL IT AT A PROFIT!
$20

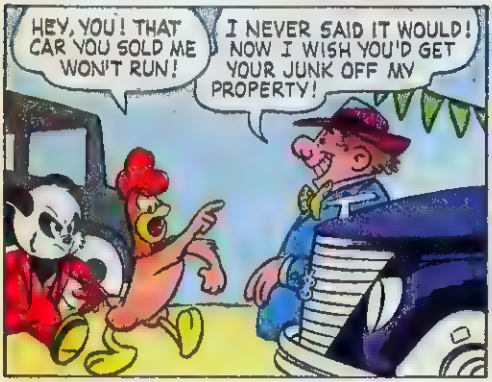

THAT'S A GOOD IDEA! I'LL TRY ANYTHING ONCE!
THAT'S THE SPIRIT!

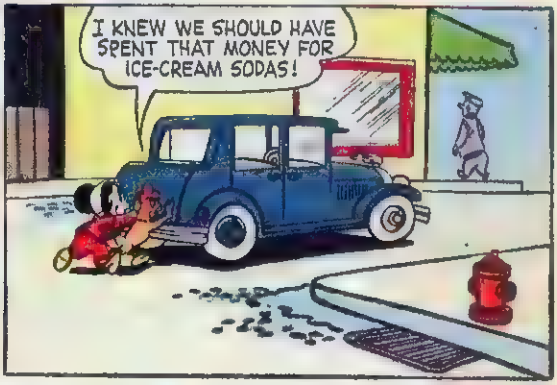

I SEE SOMETHING TO BUY RIGHT NOW!
USED CARS
The GRINNING MONGOLIAN
BARGAINS FROM $20.00 UP!

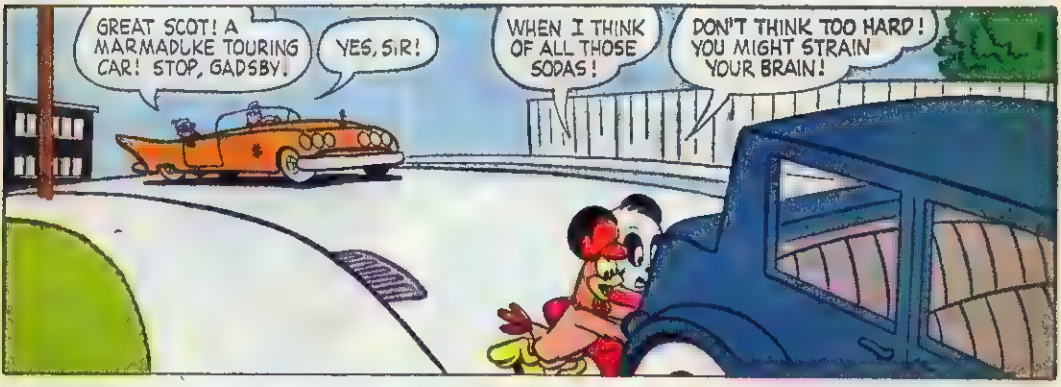
BUT, CHARLIE...
I'LL HAVE THAT ONE RIGHT THERE!
THANK YOU, MY FRIEND! I SEE YOU HAVE A SHREWD EYE!
$20

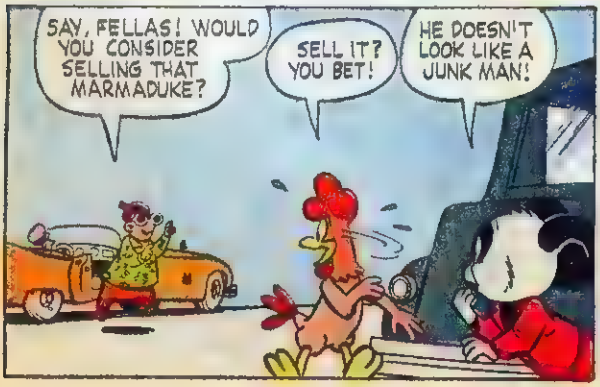

GOOD GRIEF! THAT'S A NINETEEN TWENTY-NINE MARMADUKE TOURING CAR!
YES, AND IT'S ALL MINE!
MORE JUNK OFF THE LOT! HEH, HEH!

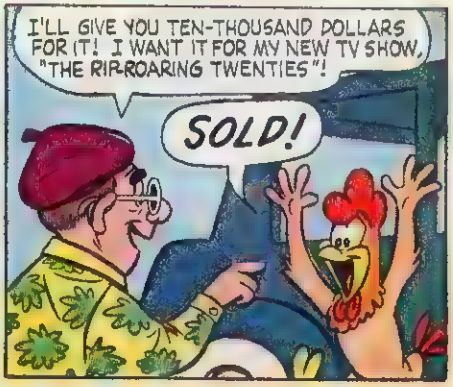

JUST WAIT UNTIL I SELL IT FOR A A NICE, FAT PROFIT! THAT'S FUNNY! THE MOTOR WON'T START!
NO WONDER! IT'S ONLY HALF HERE!

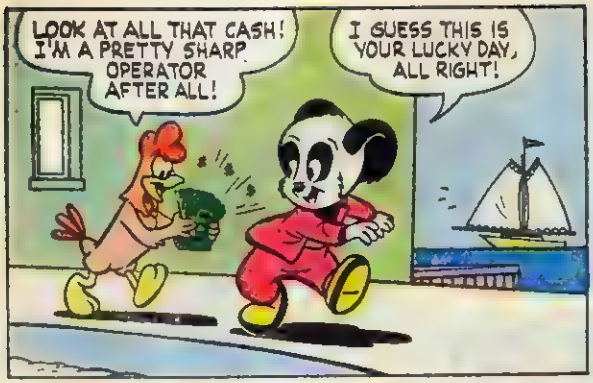

HEY, YOU! THAT CAR YOU SOLD ME WON'T RUN!
I NEVER SAID IT WOULD! NOW I WISH YOU'D GET YOUR JUNK OFF MY PROPERTY!

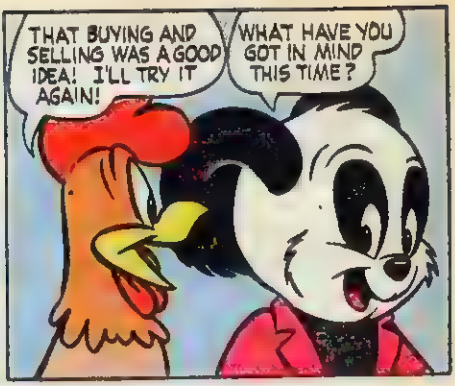

I KNEW WE SHOULD HAVE SPENT THAT MONEY FOR ICE-CREAM SODAS!

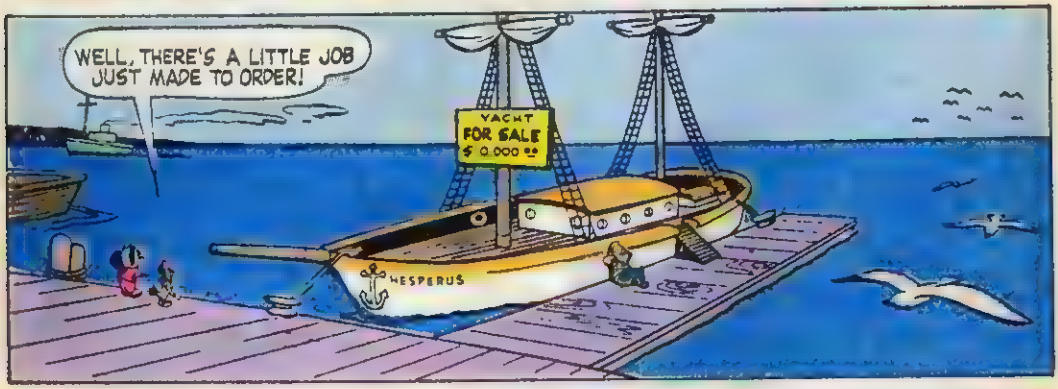

GREAT SCOT! A MARMADUKE TOURING CAR! STOP, GADSBY!
YES, SIR!
WHEN I THINK OF ALL THOSE SODAS!
DON'T THINK TOO HARD! YOU MIGHT STRAIN YOUR BRAIN!

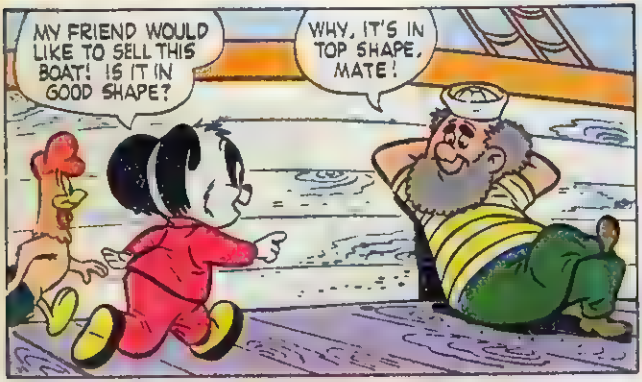

SAY, FELLAS! WOULD YOU CONSIDER SELLING THAT MARMADUKE?
SELL IT? YOU BET!
HE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A JUNK MAN!


I'LL GIVE YOU TEN-THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR IT! I WANT IT FOR MY NEW TV SHOW, "THE RIP-ROARING TWENTIES"!
SOLD!

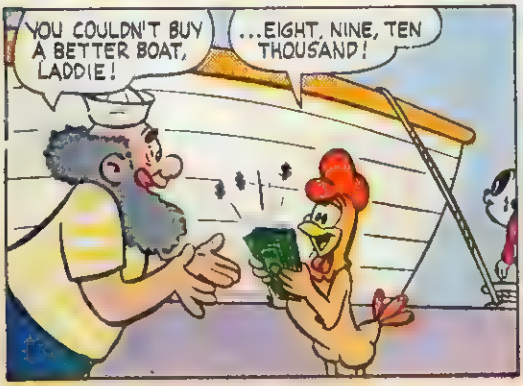

LOOK AT ALL THAT CASH! I'M A PRETTY SHARP OPERATOR AFTER ALL!
I GUESS THIS IS YOUR LUCKY DAY, ALL RIGHT!

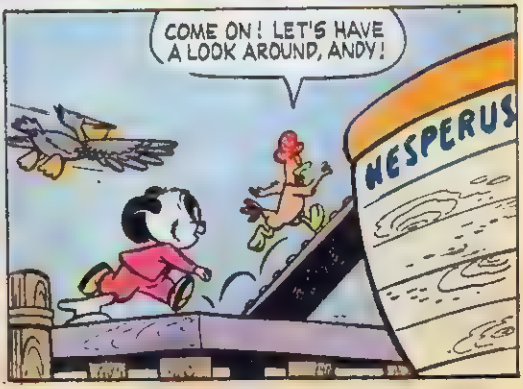

THAT BUYING AND SELLING WAS A GOOD IDEA! I'LL TRY IT AGAIN!
WHAT HAVE YOU GOT IN MIND THIS TIME?

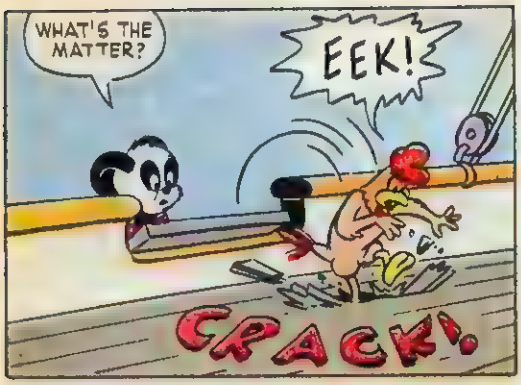

WELL, THERE'S A LITTLE JOB JUST MADE TO ORDER!
YACHT FOR SALE $ 0,000 00
HESPERUS

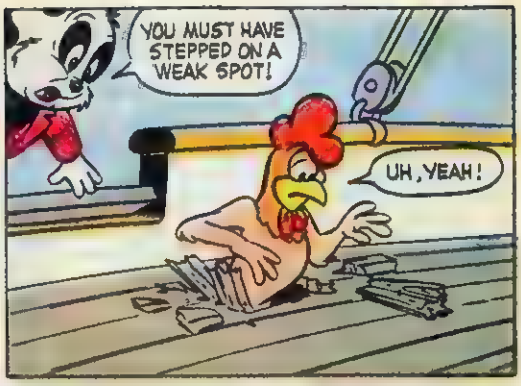

MY FRIEND WOULD LIKE TO SELL THIS BOAT! IS IT IN GOOD SHAPE?
WHY, IT'S IN TOP SHAPE, MATE!

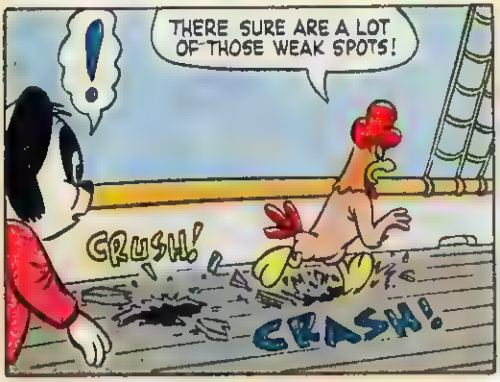
SHE USED TO BELONG TO SOME SMUGGLERS! SHE'S BEEN DOCKED RIGHT HERE FOR FIFTY YEARS... EVER SINCE THE LAW CAUGHT 'EM!
I'LL TAKE IT!

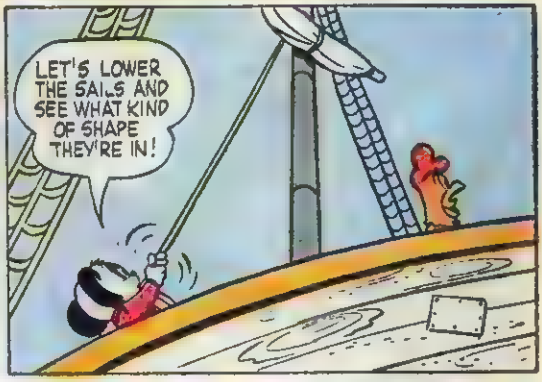

YOU COULDN'T BUY A BETTER BOAT, LADDIE!
...EIGHT, NINE, TEN THOUSAND!

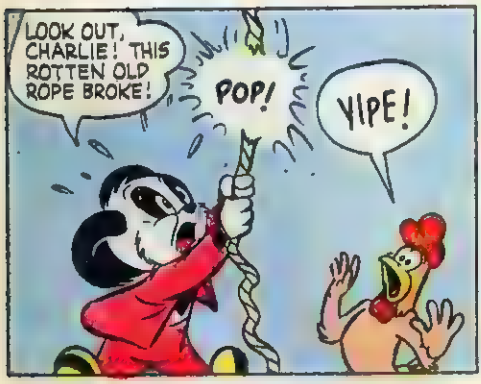

COME ON! LET'S HAVE A LOOK AROUND, ANDY!
HESPERUS

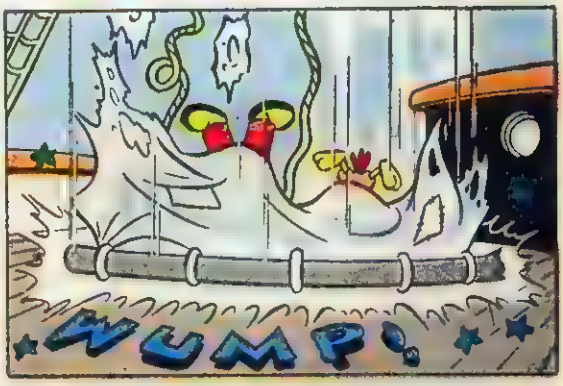

WHAT'S THE MATTER?
EEK!
CRACK!

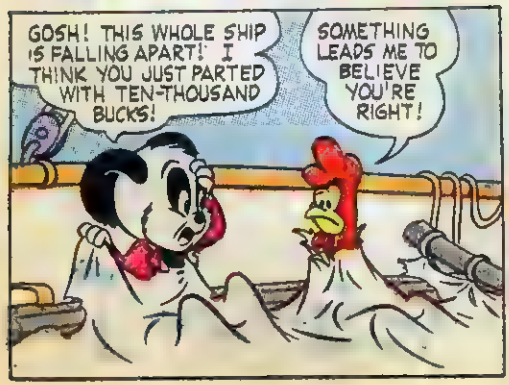

YOU MUST HAVE STEPPED ON A WEAK SPOT!
UH, YEAH!

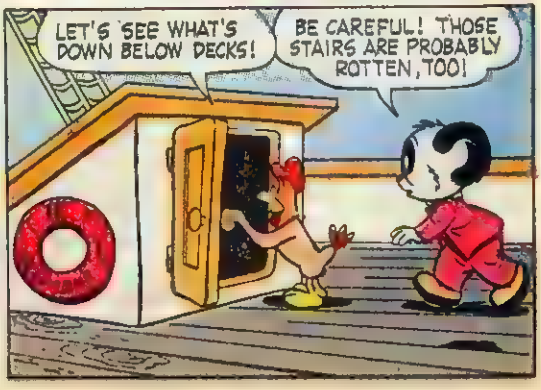

!
THERE SURE ARE A LOT OF THOSE WEAK SPOTS!
CRUSH!
CRASH!

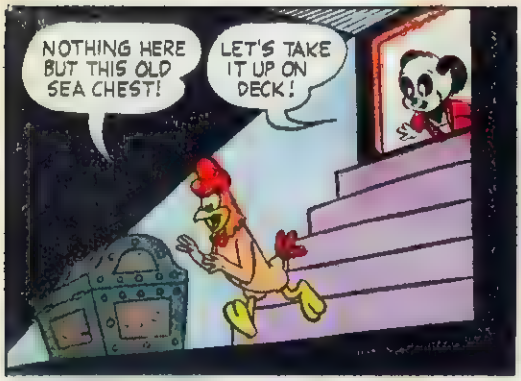

LET'S LOWER THE SAILS AND SEE WHAT KIND OF SHAPE THEY'RE IN!

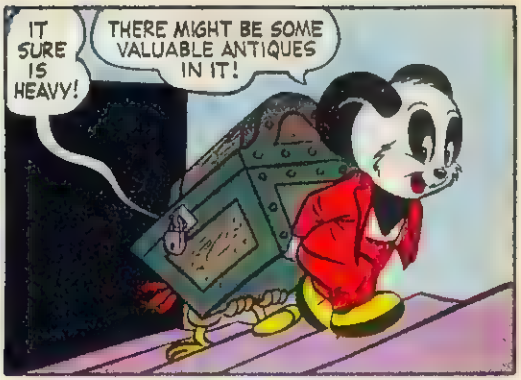

LOOK OUT, CHARLIE! THIS ROTTEN OLD ROPE BROKE!
POP!
YIPE!

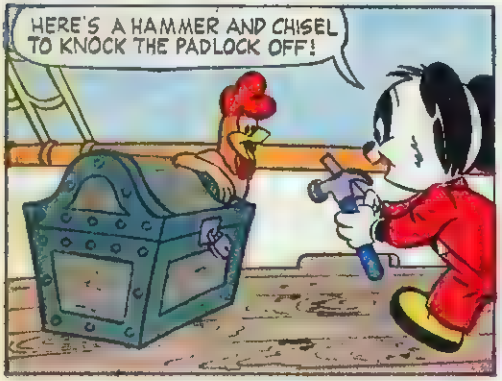

WUMP!

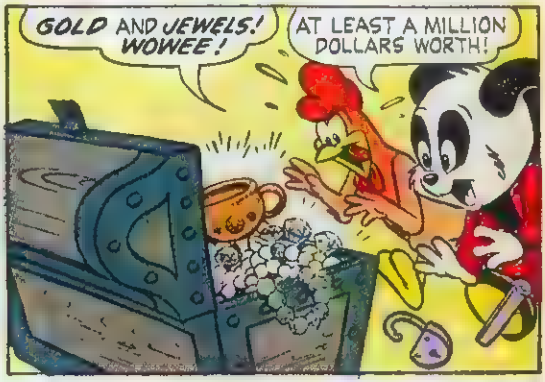

GOSH! THIS WHOLE SHIP IS FALLING APART! I THINK YOU JUST PARTED WITH TEN-THOUSAND BUCKS!
SOMETHING LEADS ME TO BELIEVE YOU'RE RIGHT!

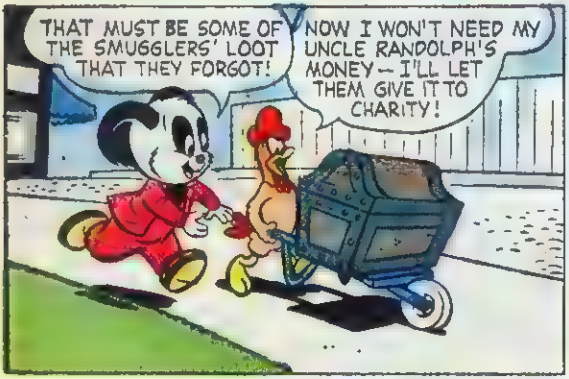

LET'S SEE WHAT'S DOWN BELOW DECKS!
BE CAREFUL! THOSE STAIRS ARE PROBABLY ROTTEN, TOO!

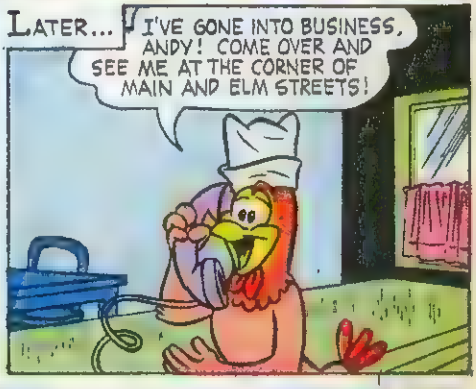

NOTHING HERE BUT THIS OLD SEA CHEST!
LET'S TAKE IT UP ON DECK!

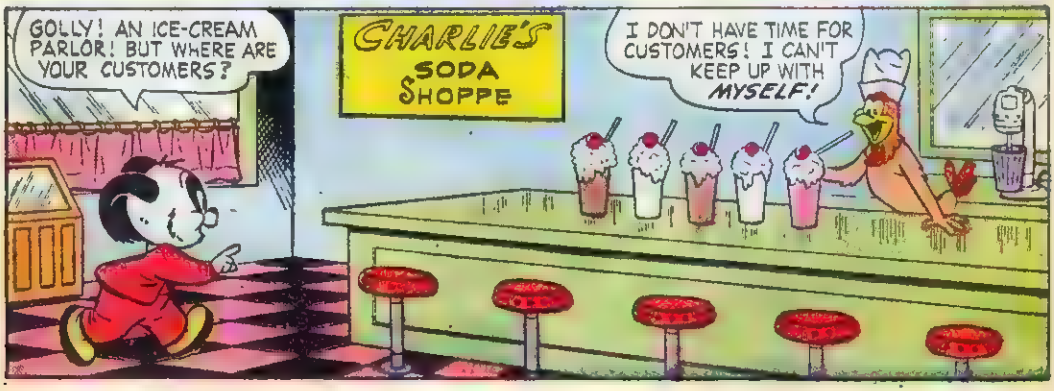

IT SURE IS HEAVY!
THERE MIGHT BE SOME VALUABLE ANTIQUES IN IT!

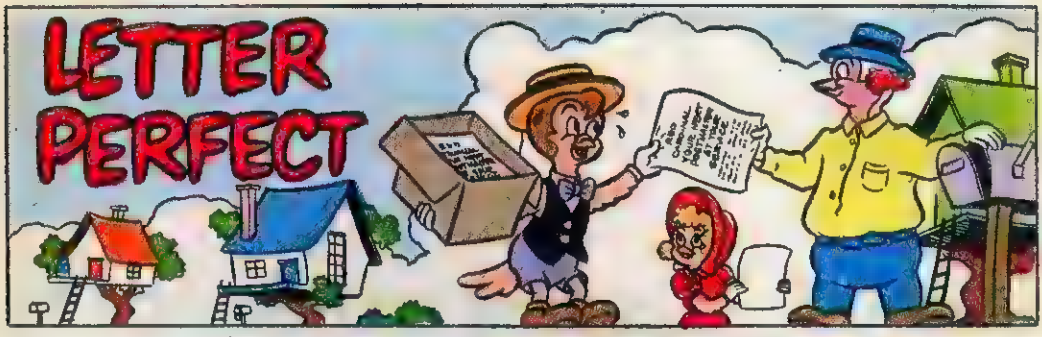

HERE'S A HAMMER AND CHISEL TO KNOCK THE PADLOCK OFF!


GOLD AND JEWELS! WOWEE!
AT LEAST A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH!


THAT MUST BE SOME OF THE SMUGGLERS' LOOT THAT THEY FORGOT!
NOW I WON'T NEED MY UNCLE RANDOLPH'S MONEY — I'LL LET THEM GIVE IT TO CHARITY!


LATER...
I'VE GONE INTO BUSINESS, ANDY! COME OVER AND SEE ME AT THE CORNER OF MAIN AND ELM STREETS!


GOLLY! AN ICE-CREAM PARLOR! BUT WHERE ARE YOUR CUSTOMERS?
CHARLIE'S SODA SHOPPE
I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR CUSTOMERS! I CAN'T KEEP UP WITH MYSELF!



Homer Pigeon was walking down the main street in Birdville, looking for Carrie. Suddenly, a voice boomed out, "Hey, Homer! Have you heard the news?"

It was Red Cardinal. He walked over to Homer. "I'm going to be appointed postmaster," he bragged.

"Gee, that's just the kind of a job I've always wanted," Homer sighed. "You have a chance to get to know everyone in town and still be of service to the community. Say, how did you manage to get such a swell job?"

"I haven't exactly got it yet," Red admitted. "But I found out that the mayor has to appoint a new postmaster in a couple of weeks. Now this is my plan . . ."

He stepped closer to Homer and continued, "I'll spend all my free time getting to know the mayor while you and Carrie get out handbills and deliver them to everybody in town. That way, everyone will know I'm available, and the mayor will have to appoint me."

Red stopped outlining his campaign long enough to look at his watch. "Say, Homer, you'd better hurry over to my office and help Carrie. I've got to scoot over to the city hall. See you at the post office," he called, rushing away before Homer could find his voice.

"But . . ." Homer called after Red's retreating figure. "Oh, well," he shrugged, "if I help him now he might let me be a letter carrier after his appointment."

When Homer got to Red's office, Carrie was busy behind a big desk. "Oh, Homer, you're just in time. Red told me you were coming over to deliver these handbills for him," she smiled, handing him a copy of one.

"RED CARDINAL, YOUR NEXT POSTMASTER," he read. "Humph! I should think it would be better if Red delivered these himself. It would be the best way to let the people know he really is ready to serve them. If I had the chance to be postmaster I'd go out ringing doorbells myself and talk to the people so I could get to know them."

"You're probably right," Carrie agreed, "but you know Red. He said he had to spend all of his time at the city hall."

Homer picked up a bundle of leaflets and started out the door. "Neither rain, nor snow, nor sleet will ever stop the postman from pounding his beat," he muttered to himself, pretending to be a real letter carrier. "No, that's not right," he thought. "A policeman pounds a beat. Oh, well. I'll deliver these to everyone in town, or my name isn't Homer Pigeon."

Homer went his appointed rounds, delivering handbills to every house and every office in Birdville. While he was working, he got to know everyone in town, and everyone got to know Homer. They all liked him and his friendly manner.

When the day to appoint the postmaster finally arrived, the mayor strode into Red's office where Carrie and Homer were still working. "Homer Pigeon, step forward," the mayor said. "I hereby officially appoint you postmaster of Birdville. You have proven to the citizens of our town that you can live up to the letter carrier's oath. In fact I have two sacks full of mail telling me that if I don't appoint you I'm not a very good mayor."

"Golly, your Honor, I don't know what to say," Homer stammered.

"Say?" said the mayor. "Why, say nothing, of course. Your first official job will be to clear that mail out of my office. My newly appointed secretary, Red Cardinal, will help you."

"Oh, Homer, how wonderful!" Carrie glowed. "I think you are just letter perfect for the job of postmaster."

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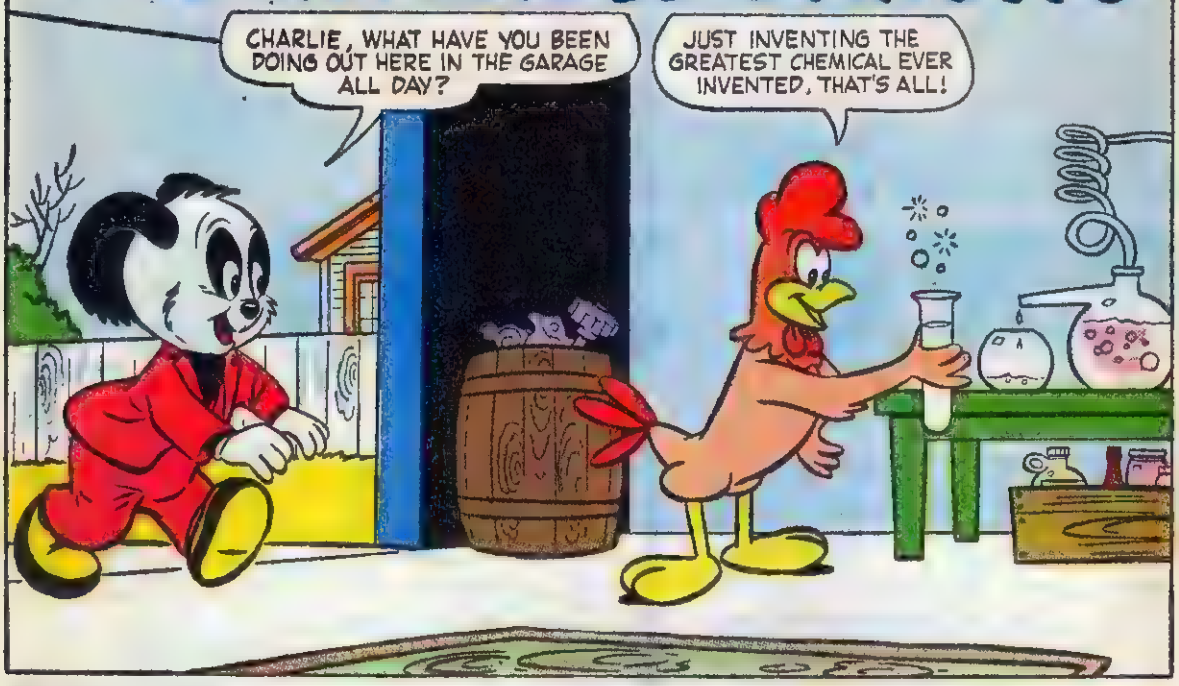
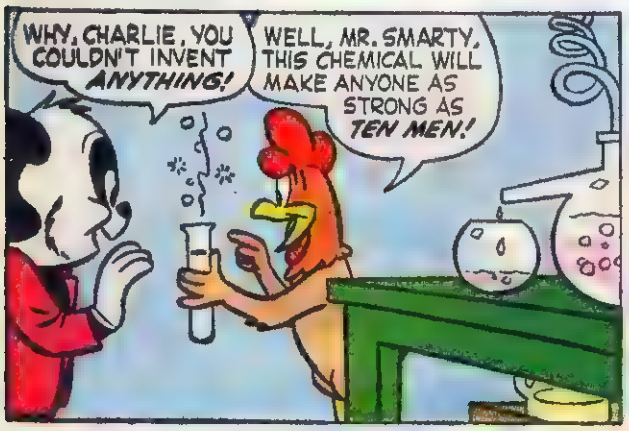
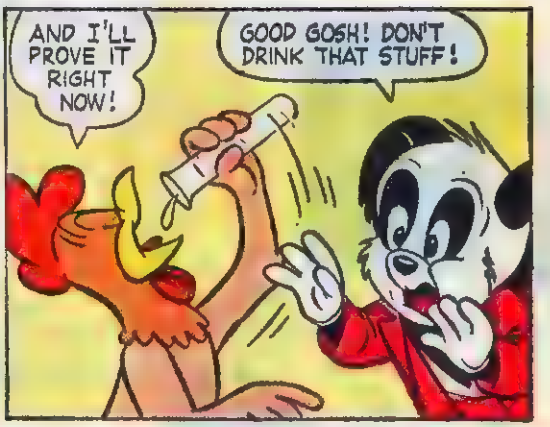
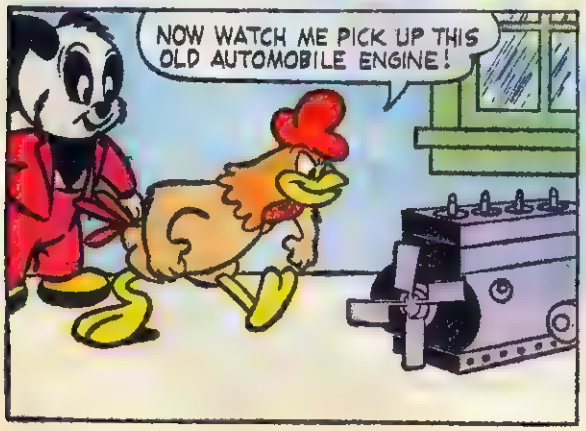
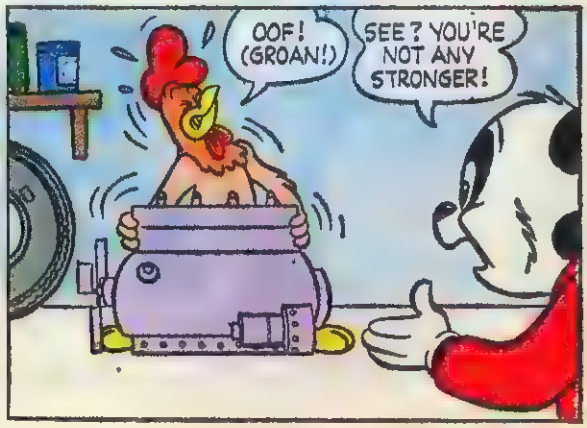
THE INVISIBLE BANDITS

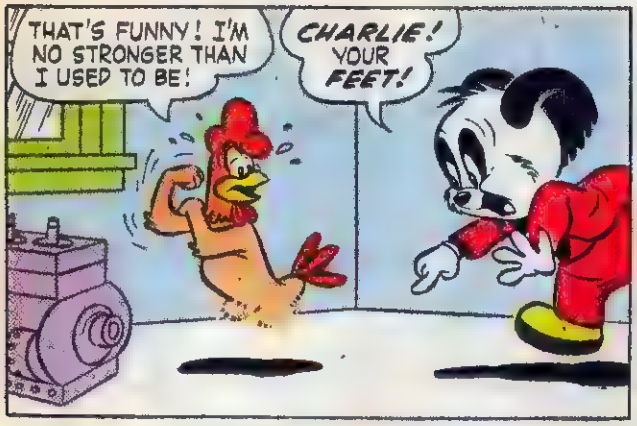


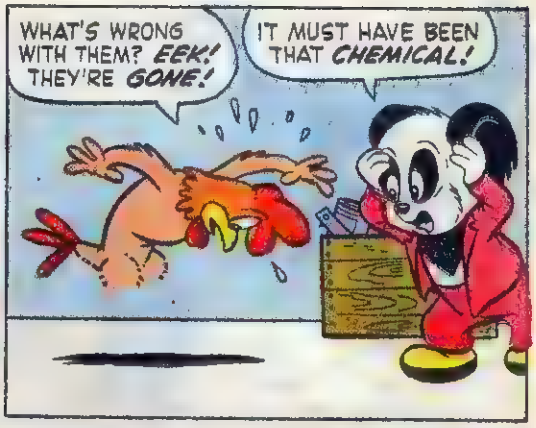


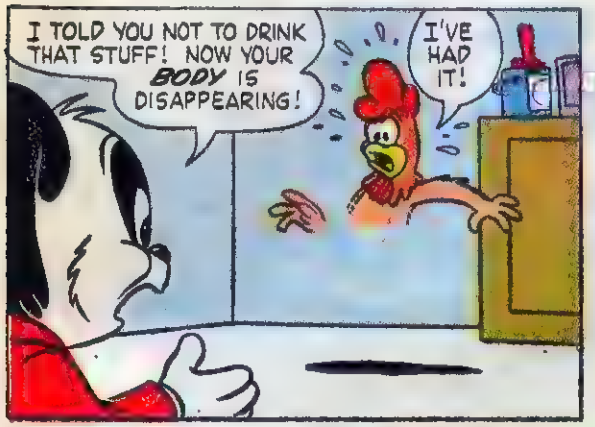


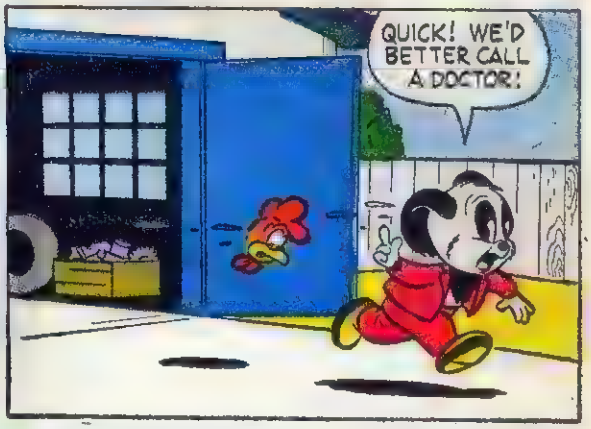


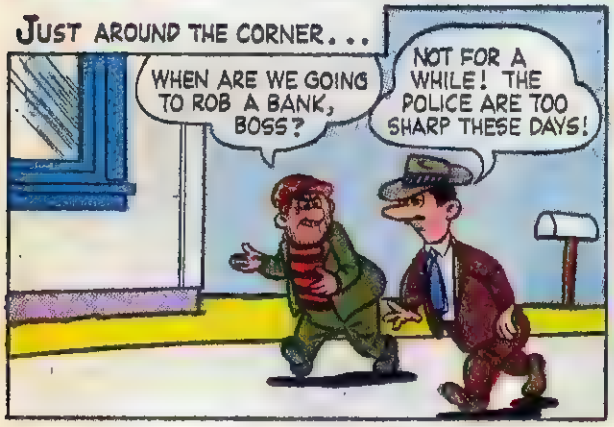


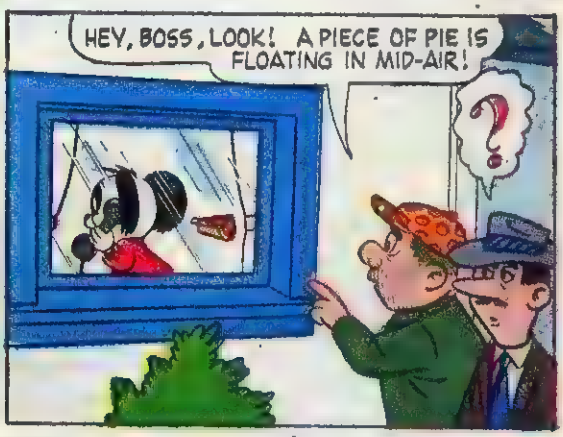

THAT'S FUNNY! I'M NO STRONGER THAN I USED TO BE!
CHARLIE! YOUR FEET!

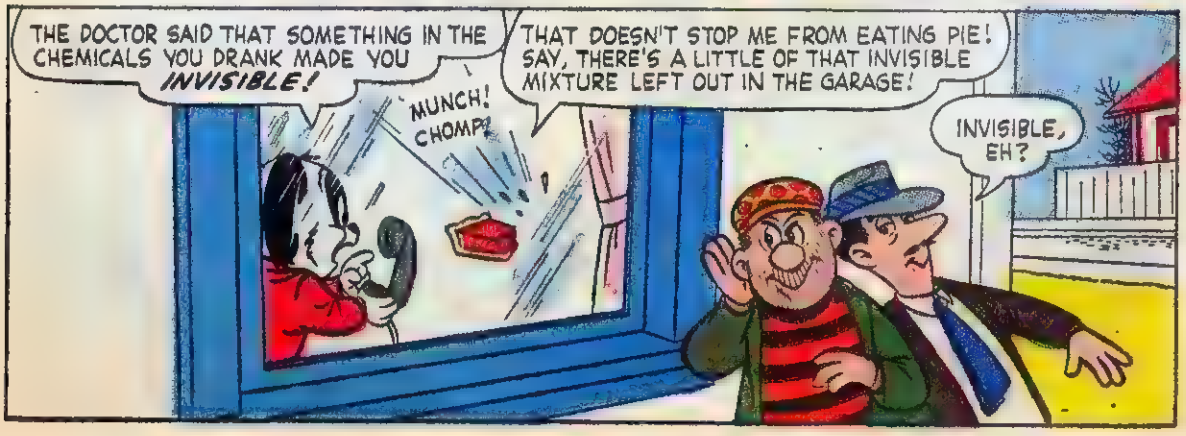

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THEM? EEK! THEY'RE GONE!
IT MUST HAVE BEEN THAT CHEMICAL!

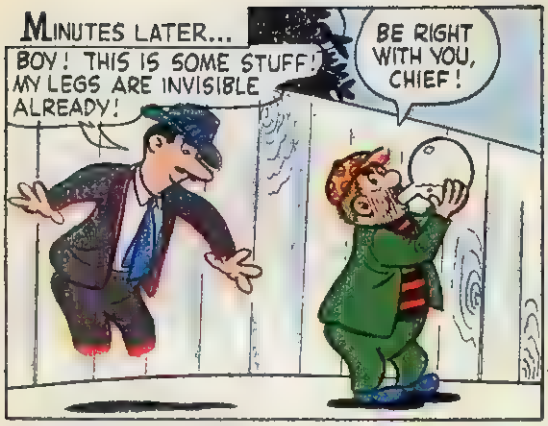

I TOLD YOU NOT TO DRINK THAT STUFF! NOW YOUR BODY IS DISAPPEARING!
I'VE HAD IT!

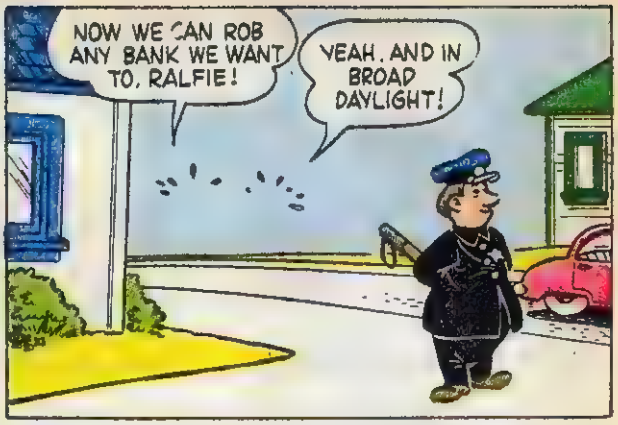

QUICK! WE'D BETTER CALL A DOCTOR!


JUST AROUND THE CORNER...
WHEN ARE WE GOING TO ROB A BANK, BOSS?
NOT FOR A WHILE! THE POLICE ARE TOO SHARP THESE DAYS!

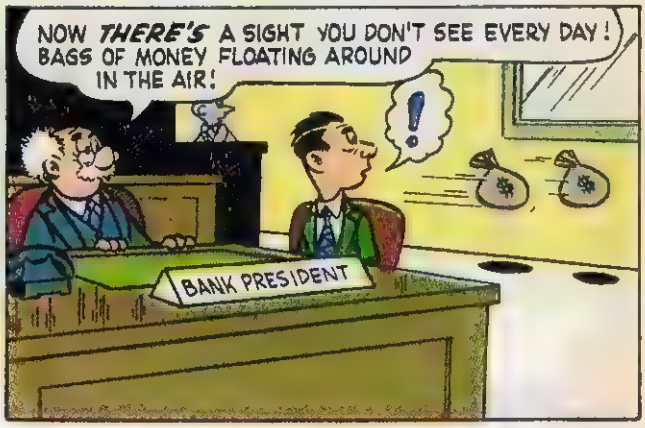

HEY, BOSS, LOOK! A PIECE OF PIE IS FLOATING IN MID-AIR!
?

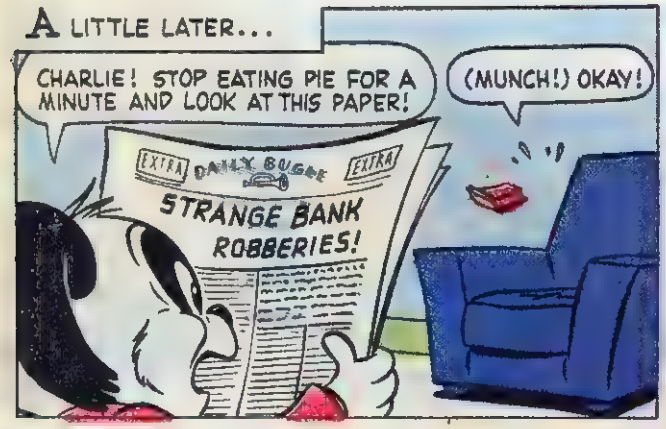

THE DOCTOR SAID THAT SOMETHING IN THE CHEMICALS YOU DRANK MADE YOU INVISIBLE!
MUNCH! CHOMP!
THAT DOESN'T STOP ME FROM EATING PIE! SAY, THERE'S A LITTLE OF THAT INVISIBLE MIXTURE LEFT OUT IN THE GARAGE!
INVISIBLE, EH?

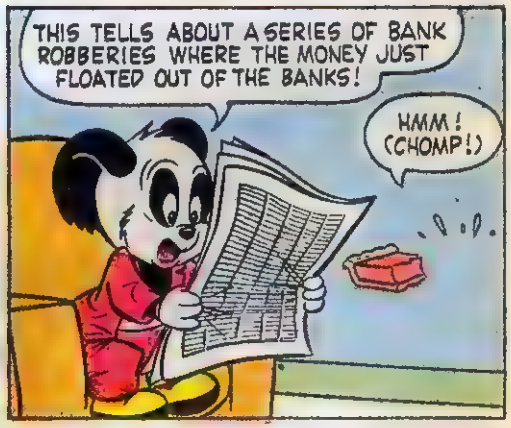

MINUTES LATER...
BOY! THIS IS SOME STUFF! MY LEGS ARE INVISIBLE ALREADY!
BE RIGHT WITH YOU, CHIEF!

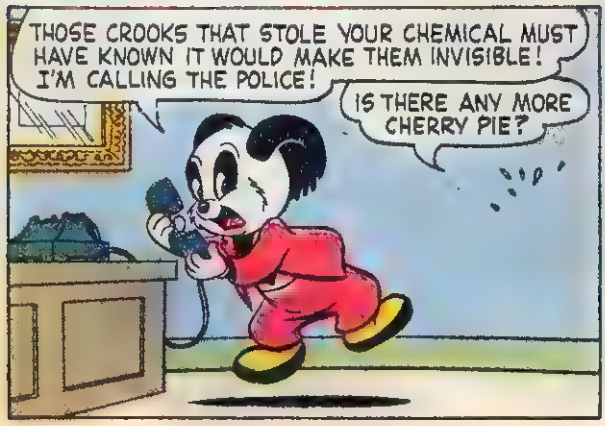

NOW WE CAN ROB ANY BANK WE WANT TO, RALFIE!
YEAH. AND IN BROAD DAYLIGHT!

HERE'S A GOOD PLACE TO START WORKING!
AFTER YOU! HEH, HEH!
BANK

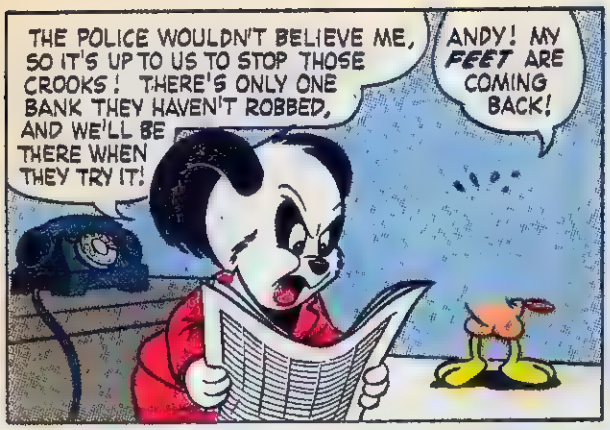

NOW THERE'S A SIGHT YOU DON'T SEE EVERY DAY! BAGS OF MONEY FLOATING AROUND IN THE AIR!
!
BANK PRESIDENT

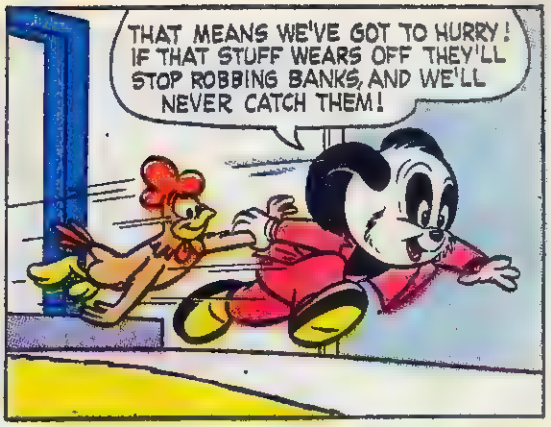

A LITTLE LATER...
CHARLIE! STOP EATING PIE FOR A MINUTE AND LOOK AT THIS PAPER!
(MUNCH!) OKAY!
EXTRA DAILY BUGLE EXTRA
STRANGE BANK ROBBERIES!

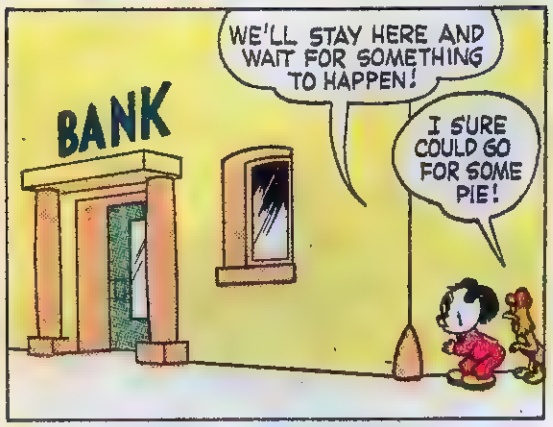

THIS TELLS ABOUT A SERIES OF BANK ROBBERIES WHERE THE MONEY JUST FLOATED OUT OF THE BANKS!
HMM! (CHOMP!)

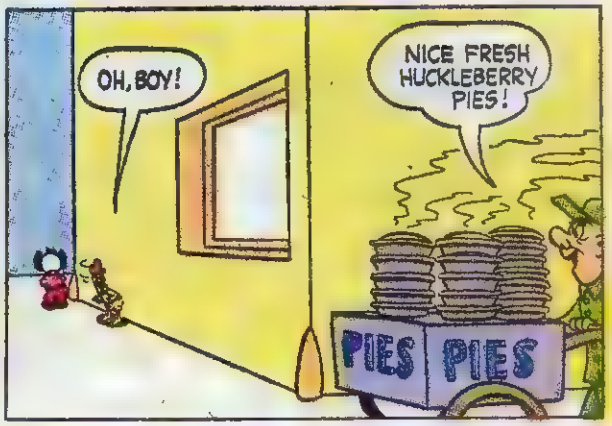

THOSE CROOKS THAT STOLE YOUR CHEMICAL MUST HAVE KNOWN IT WOULD MAKE THEM INVISIBLE! I'M CALLING THE POLICE!
IS THERE ANY MORE CHERRY PIE?

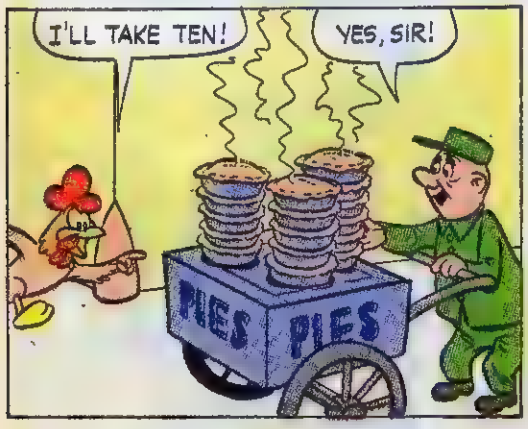
INVISIBLE BANDITS, YOU SAY? INTERESTING BUT FARFETCHED! YOU MUST BE READING TOO MANY MYSTERY STORIES!
HEH, HEH!

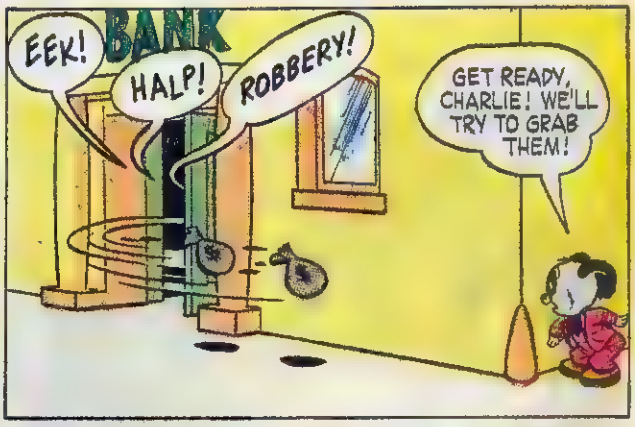

THE POLICE WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME, SO IT'S UP TO US TO STOP THOSE CROOKS! THERE'S ONLY ONE BANK THEY HAVEN'T ROBBED, AND WE'LL BE THERE WHEN THEY TRY IT!
ANDY! MY FEET ARE COMING BACK!

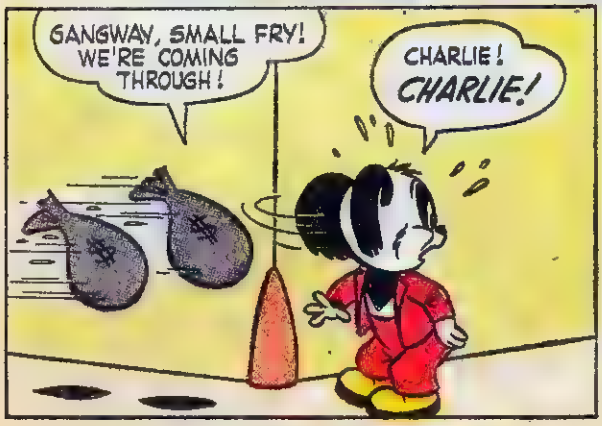

THAT MEANS WE'VE GOT TO HURRY! IF THAT STUFF WEARS OFF THEY'LL STOP ROBBING BANKS, AND WE'LL NEVER CATCH THEM!

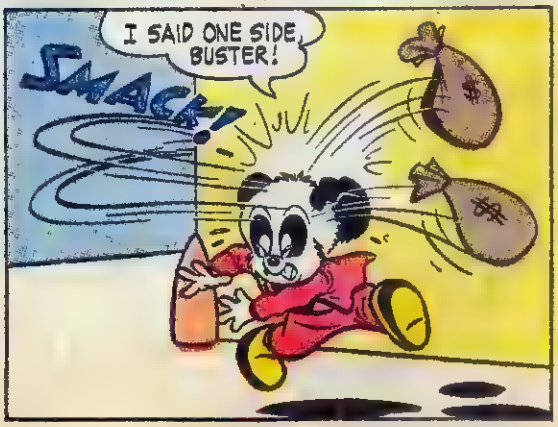

BANK
WE'LL STAY HERE AND WAIT FOR SOMETHING TO HAPPEN!
I SURE COULD GO FOR SOME PIE!

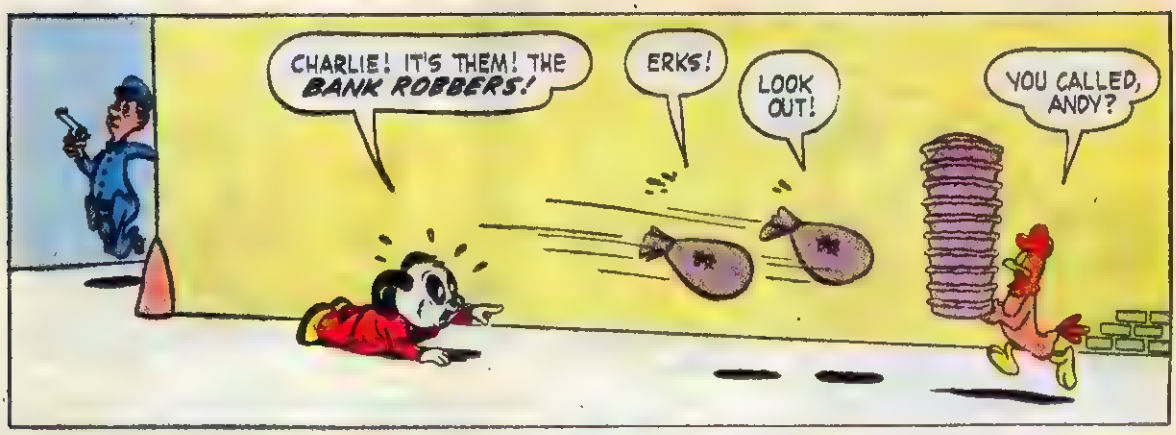

OH, BOY!
NICE FRESH HUCKLEBERRY PIES!
PIES
PIES

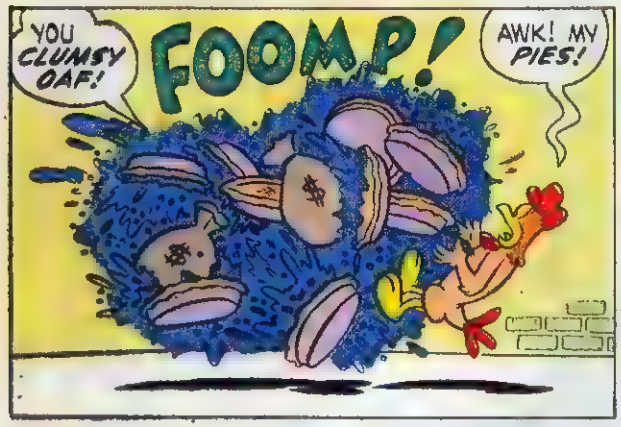

I'LL TAKE TEN!
YES, SIR!
PIES
PIES

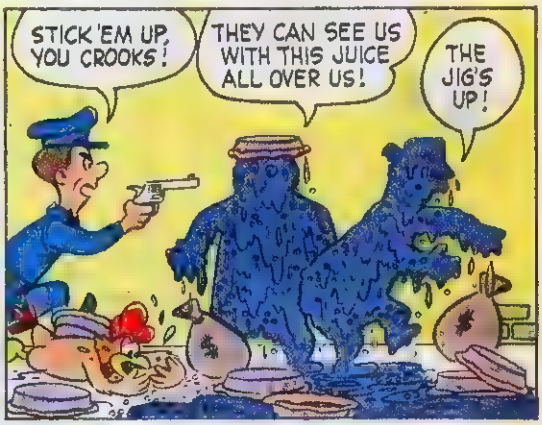

EEK!
BANK
HALP!
ROBBERY!
GET READY, CHARLIE! WE'LL TRY TO GRAB THEM!

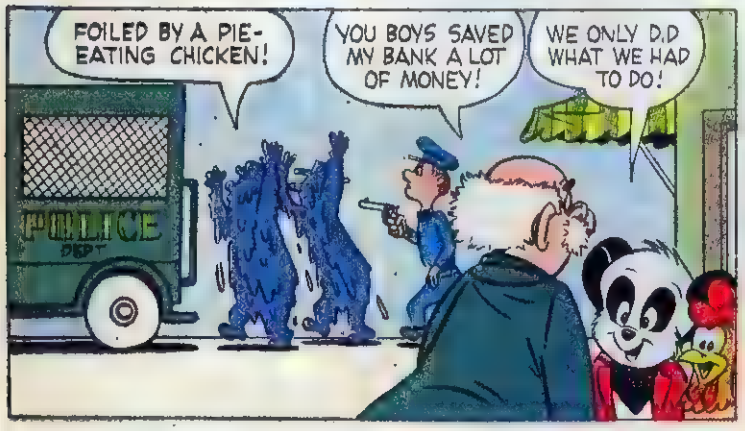

GANGWAY, SMALL FRY! WE'RE COMING THROUGH!
CHARLIE! CHARLIE!

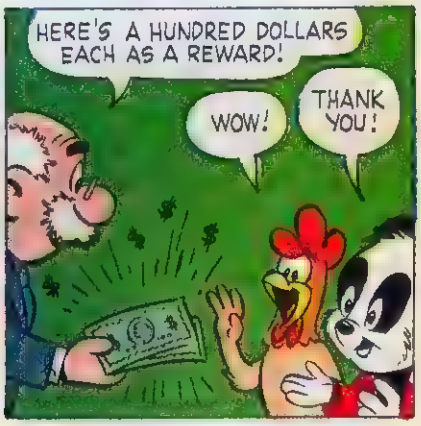

I SAID ONE SIDE, BUSTER!
SMACK!

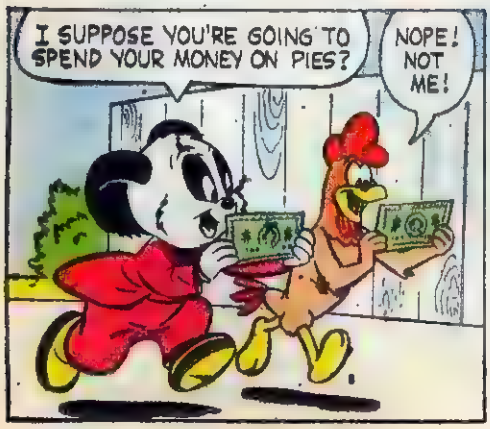

CHARLIE! IT'S THEM! THE BANK ROBBERS!
ERKS!
LOOK OUT!
YOU CALLED, ANDY?

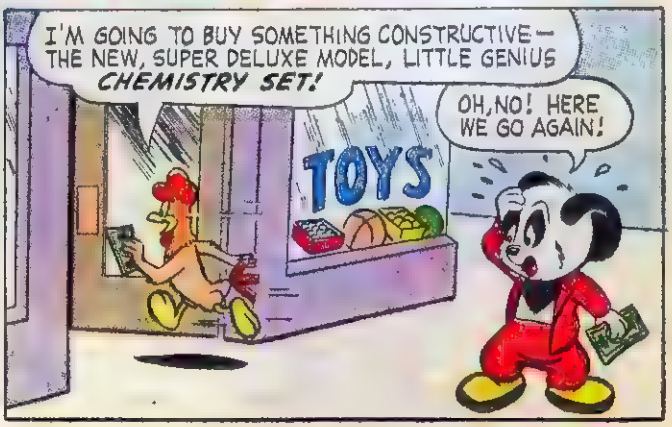

YOU CLUMSY OAF!
FOOMP!
AWK! MY PIES!


STICK 'EM UP, YOU CROOKS!
THEY CAN SEE US WITH THIS JUICE ALL OVER US!
THE JIG'S UP!


FOILED BY A PIE-EATING CHICKEN!
YOU BOYS SAVED MY BANK A LOT OF MONEY!
WE ONLY DID WHAT WE HAD TO DO!
POLICE DEPT

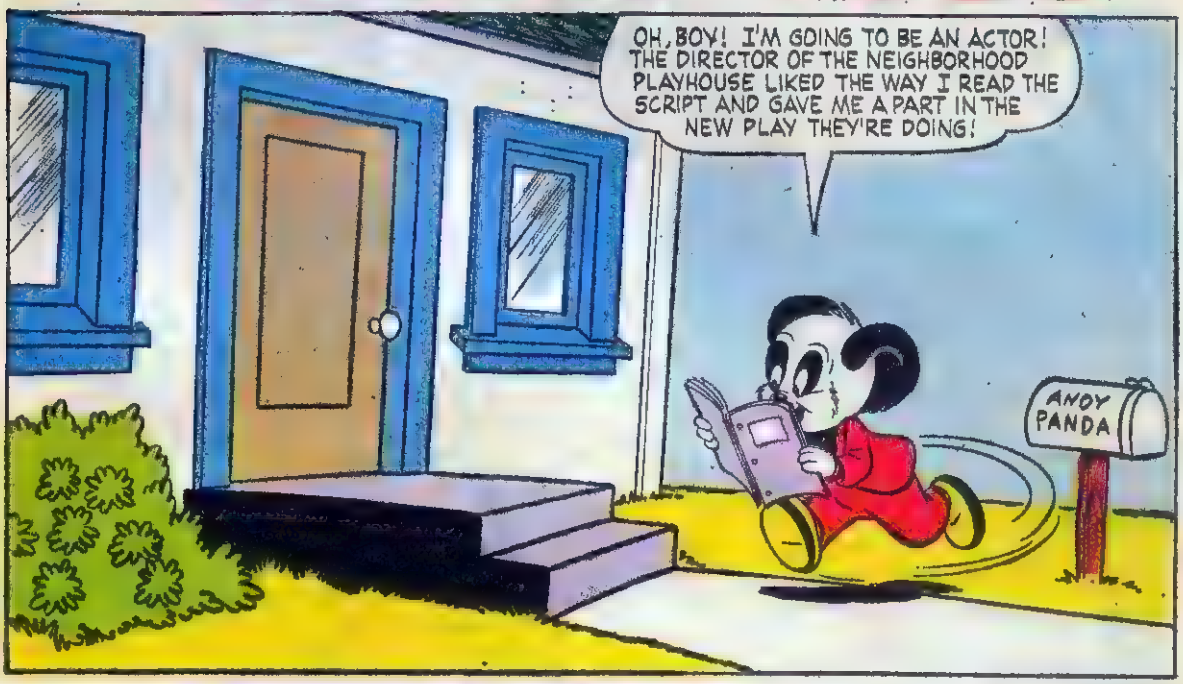

HERE'S A HUNDRED DOLLARS EACH AS A REWARD!
WOW!
THANK YOU!

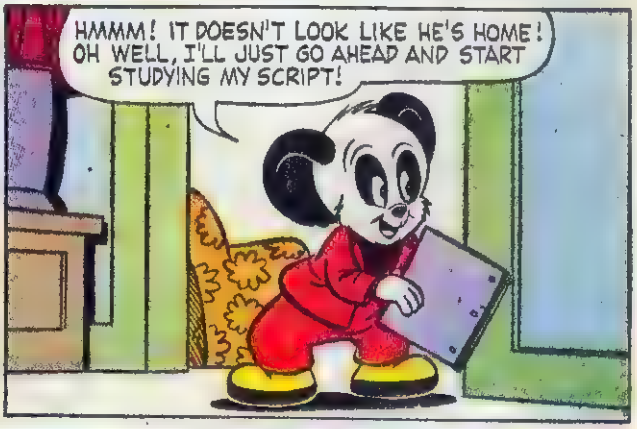

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE GOING TO SPEND YOUR MONEY ON PIES?
NOPE! NOT ME!

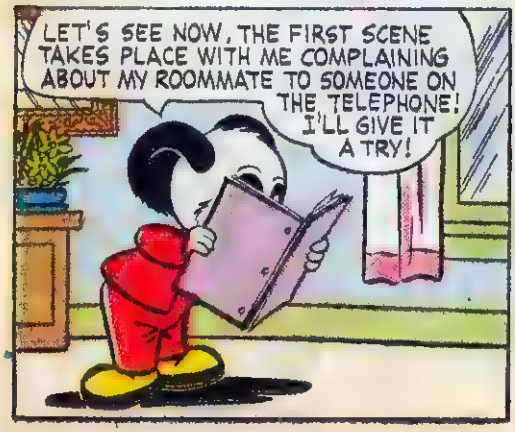

I'M GOING TO BUY SOMETHING CONSTRUCTIVE— THE NEW, SUPER DELUXE MODEL, LITTLE GENIUS CHEMISTRY SET!
OH, NO! HERE WE GO AGAIN!
TOYS

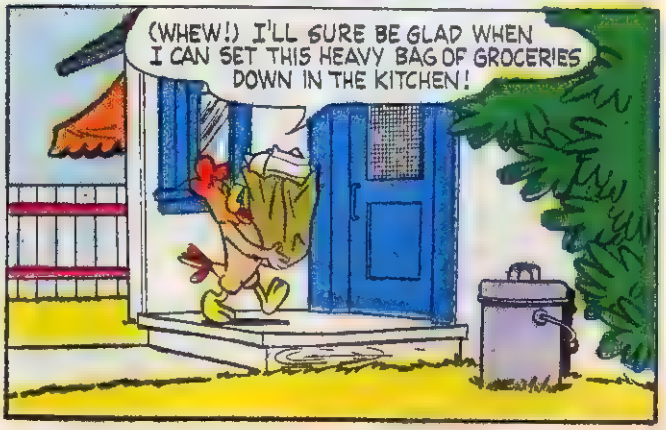
Walter Lantz ANDY PANDA and CHARLIE CHICKEN

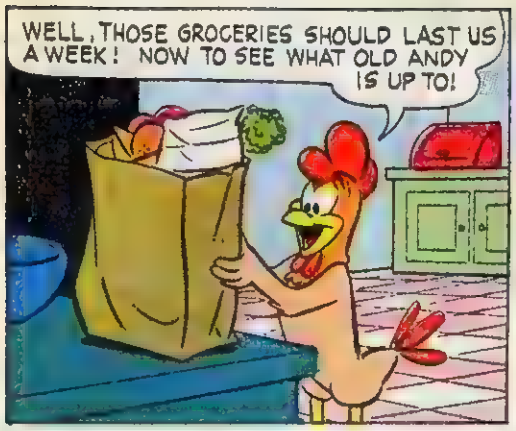
FRIENDLY FOES

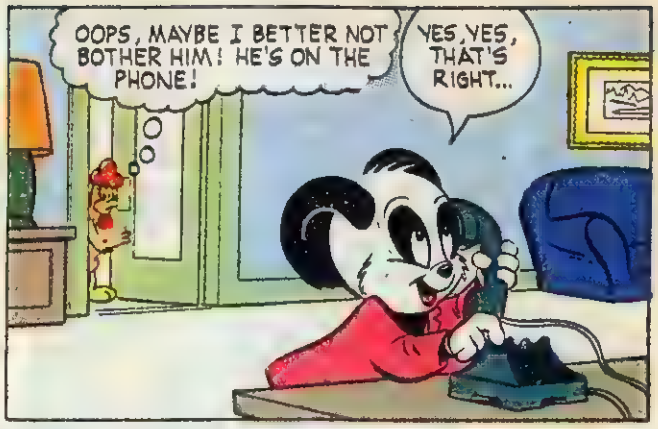


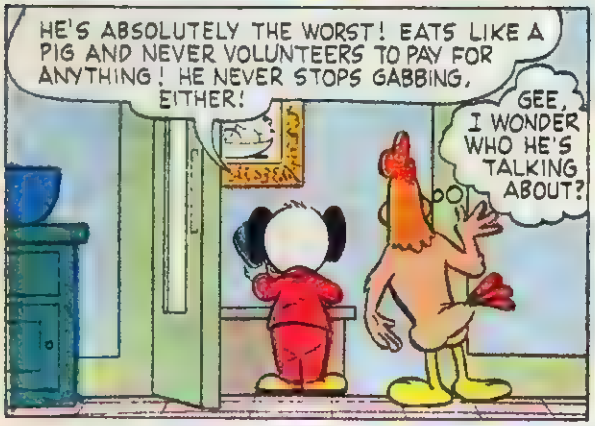


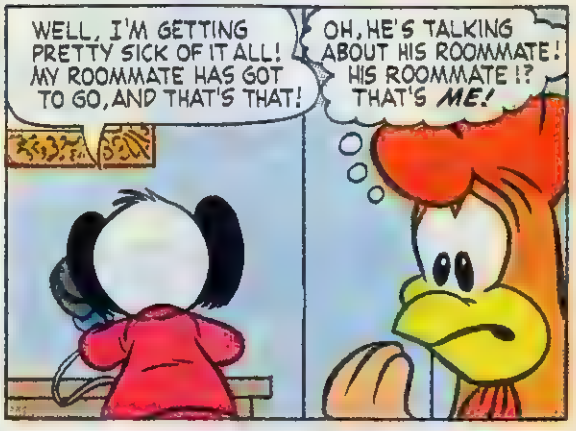


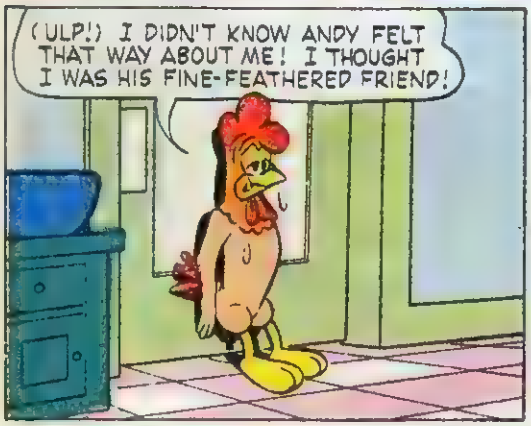


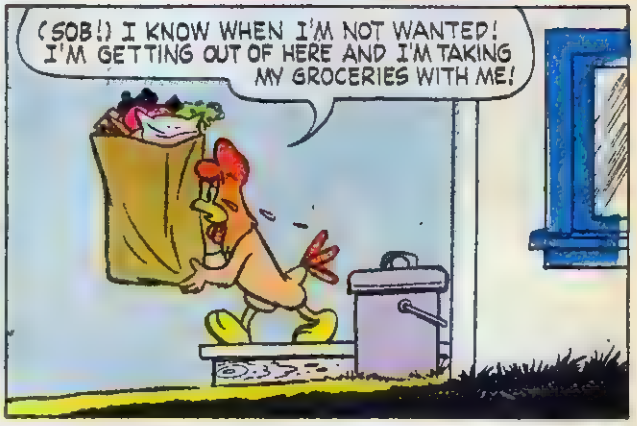

WELL, THOSE GROCERIES SHOULD LAST US A WEEK! NOW TO SEE WHAT OLD ANDY IS UP TO!

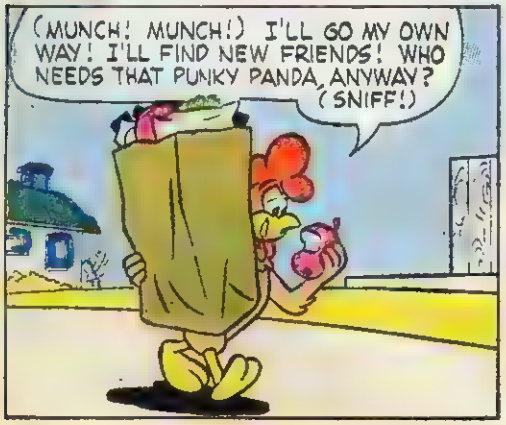

OOPS, MAYBE I BETTER NOT BOTHER HIM! HE'S ON THE PHONE!
YES, YES, THAT'S RIGHT...

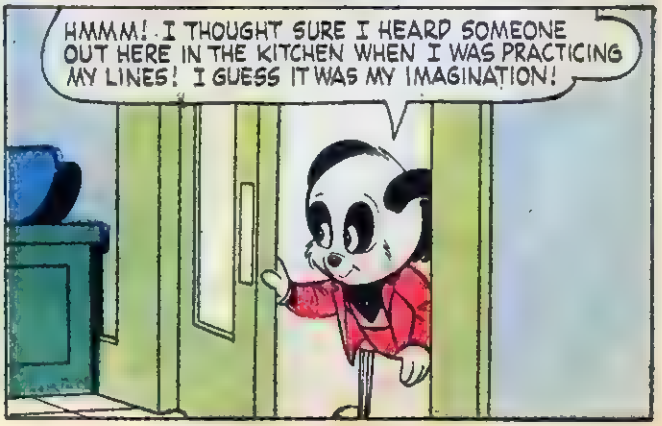

HE'S ABSOLUTELY THE WORST! EATS LIKE A PIG AND NEVER VOLUNTEERS TO PAY FOR ANYTHING! HE NEVER STOPS GABBING, EITHER!
GEE, I WONDER WHO HE'S TALKING ABOUT?


WELL, I'M GETTING PRETTY SICK OF IT ALL! MY ROOMMATE HAS GOT TO GO, AND THAT'S THAT!
OH, HE'S TALKING ABOUT HIS ROOMMATE! HIS ROOMMATE!? THAT'S ME!

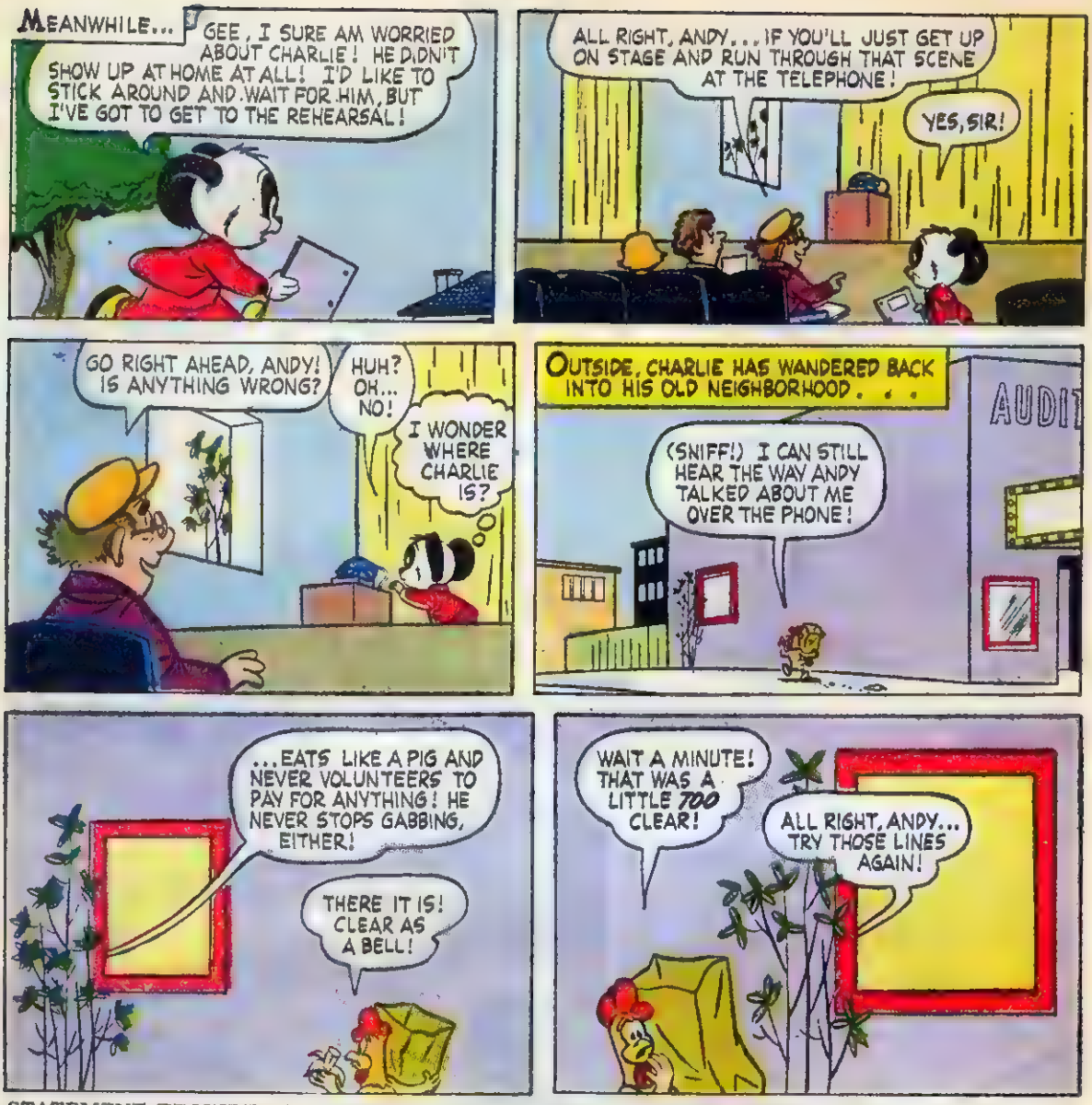

(ULP!) I DIDN'T KNOW ANDY FELT THAT WAY ABOUT ME! I THOUGHT I WAS HIS FINE-FEATHERED FRIEND!


(SOB!) I KNOW WHEN I'M NOT WANTED! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE AND I'M TAKING MY GROCERIES WITH ME!


(MUNCH! MUNCH!) I'LL GO MY OWN WAY! I'LL FIND NEW FRIENDS! WHO NEEDS THAT PUNKY PANDA, ANYWAY? (SNIFF!)


HMMM! I THOUGHT SURE I HEARD SOMEONE OUT HERE IN THE KITCHEN WHEN I WAS PRACTICING MY LINES! I GUESS IT WAS MY IMAGINATION!

DEJECTED, CHARLIE WALKS FOR HOURS. . .
?
?
?
DON'T BE A LITTERBUG
RUINED! A PERFECT FRIENDSHIP, RUINED!
THAT CRAZY CHICKEN IS BREAKING EVERY LAW IN THE BOOK! JAY WALKING, LITTERING...
DANGER
THINGS WILL NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN WITHOUT OLD ANDY!
UH-OH! TALKING TO HIMSELF, AND A WILD STARE IN HIS EYE! THIS GUY COULD BE DANGEROUS! I BETTER TAKE IT EASY!
(SOB!) PALS FOR ALL THESE YEARS! I'VE KNOWN HIM SINCE I WAS A CHICK!
I'LL NAB HIM AS SOON AS HE CROSSES THOSE RAILROAD TRACKS!
YIPE! A TRAIN'S COMING!
I'LL GO OFF AND BE A HERMIT!
HALT! I'LL HAVE THIS TRAIN PUT IN JAIL FOR OBSTRUCTING JUSTICE AND AIDING A CRIMINAL TO ESCAPE!
ANDY'LL BE SORRY WHEN HE NEVER SEES ME AGAIN!



STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, JULY 2, 1946 AND JUNE 11, 1960 (74 Stat. 208) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF Walter Lantz Andy Panda published quarterly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1960.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, Helen Meyer, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Managing editor, None; Business manager, Helen Meyer, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

2. The owner is: Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Estate of Margarita E. Delacorte, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

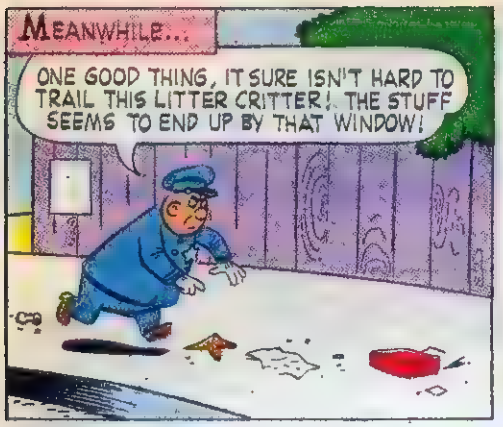
4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

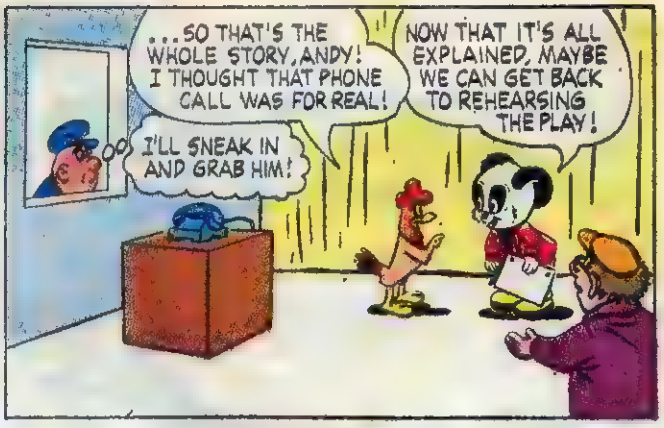
5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was 313,945.

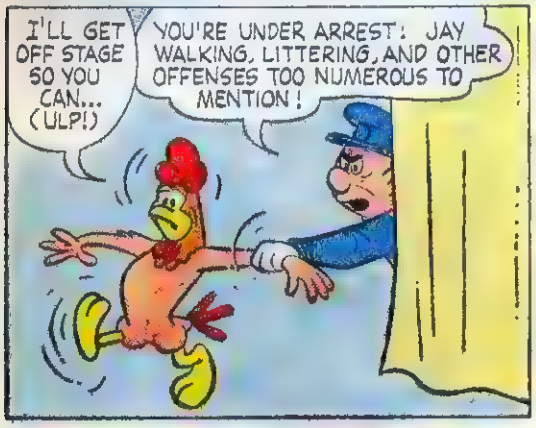
(Signed) HELEN MEYER
Business Manager

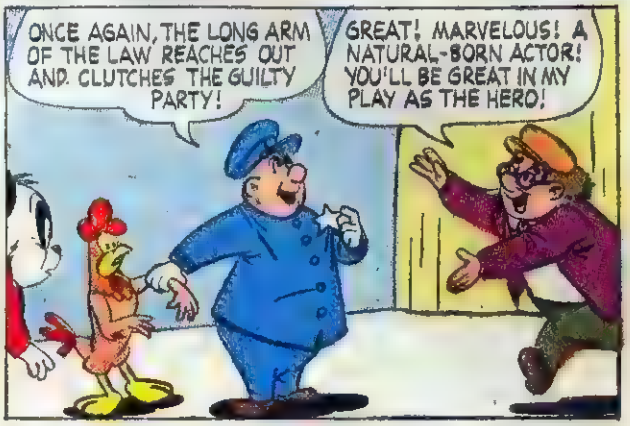
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1960

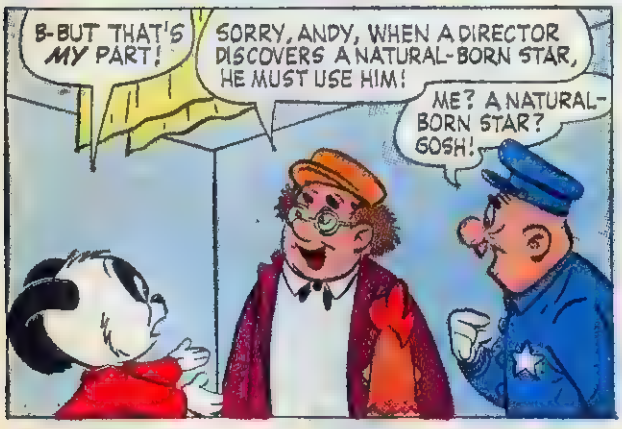
JOHN C. WEBER
(Seal) (My commission expires March 30, 1962)

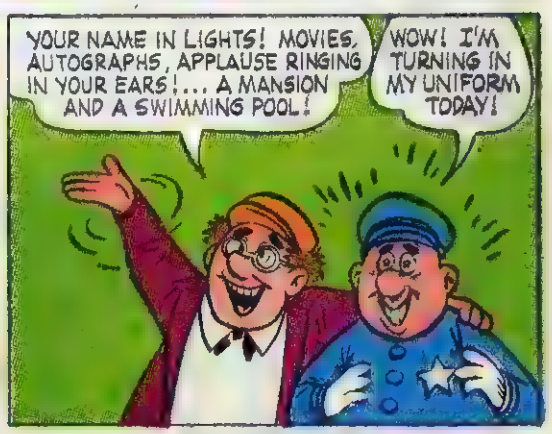

MEANWHILE...
ONE GOOD THING, IT SURE ISN'T HARD TO TRAIL THIS LITTER CRITTER! THE STUFF SEEMS TO END UP BY THAT WINDOW!

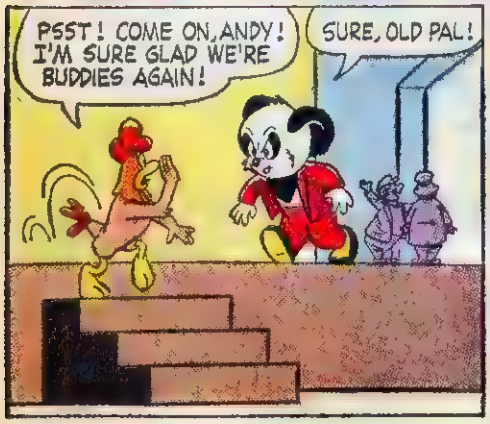

...SO THAT'S THE WHOLE STORY, ANDY! I THOUGHT THAT PHONE CALL WAS FOR REAL!
NOW THAT IT'S ALL EXPLAINED, MAYBE WE CAN GET BACK TO REHEARSING THE PLAY!
I'LL SNEAK IN AND GRAB HIM!

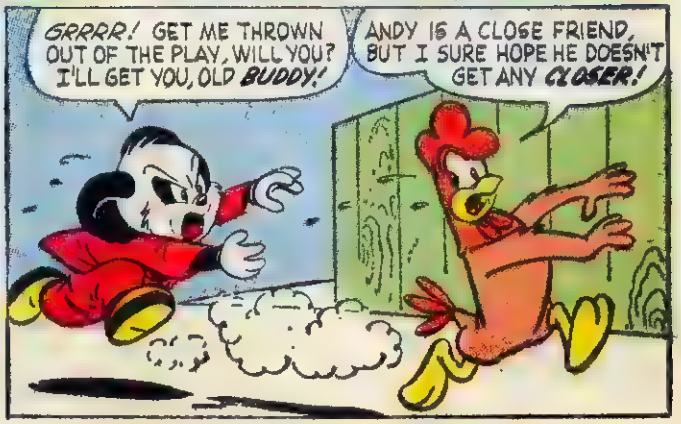

I'LL GET OFF STAGE SO YOU CAN... (ULP!)
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST! JAY WALKING, LITTERING, AND OTHER OFFENSES TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION!


ONCE AGAIN, THE LONG ARM OF THE LAW REACHES OUT AND CLUTCHES THE GUILTY PARTY!
GREAT! MARVELOUS! A NATURAL-BORN ACTOR! YOU'LL BE GREAT IN MY PLAY AS THE HERO!


B-BUT THAT'S MY PART!
SORRY, ANDY, WHEN A DIRECTOR DISCOVERS A NATURAL-BORN STAR, HE MUST USE HIM!
ME? A NATURAL-BORN STAR? GOSH!

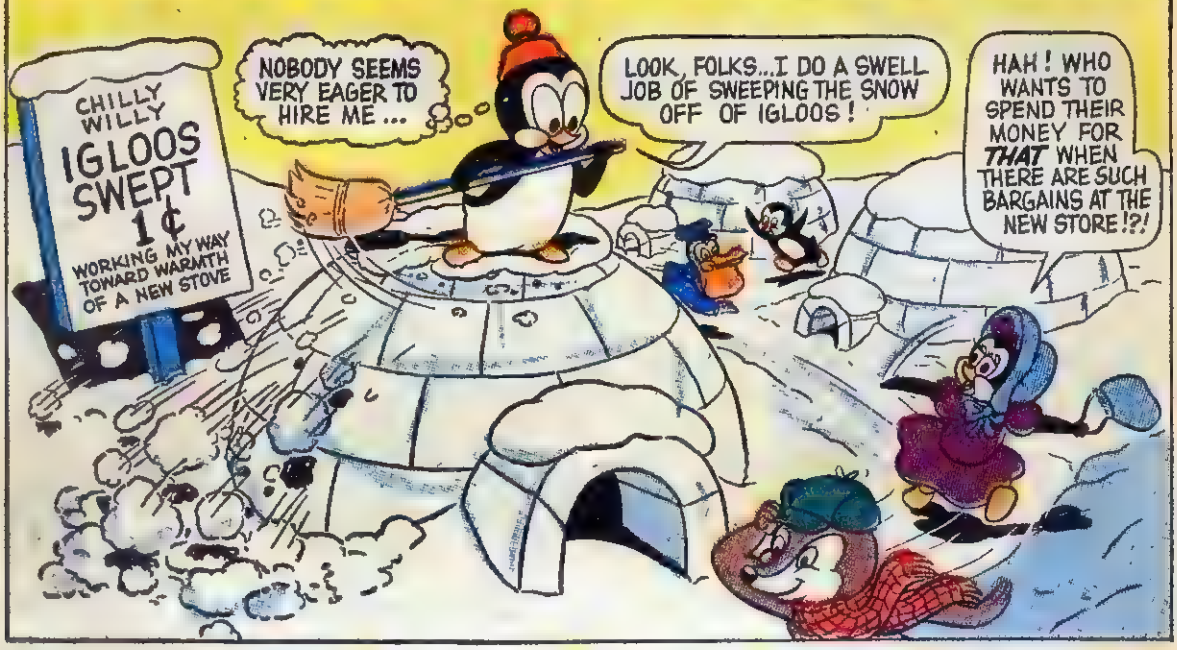

YOUR NAME IN LIGHTS! MOVIES, AUTOGRAPHS, APPLAUSE RINGING IN YOUR EARS!... A MANSION AND A SWIMMING POOL!
WOW! I'M TURNING IN MY UNIFORM TODAY!

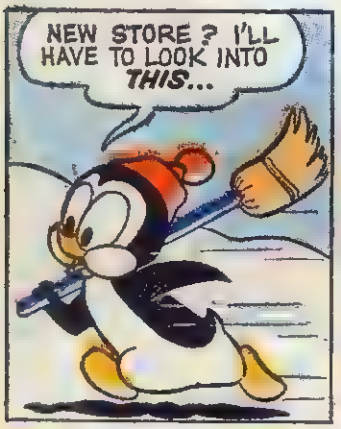

PSST! COME ON, ANDY! I'M SURE GLAD WE'RE BUDDIES AGAIN!
SURE, OLD PAL!

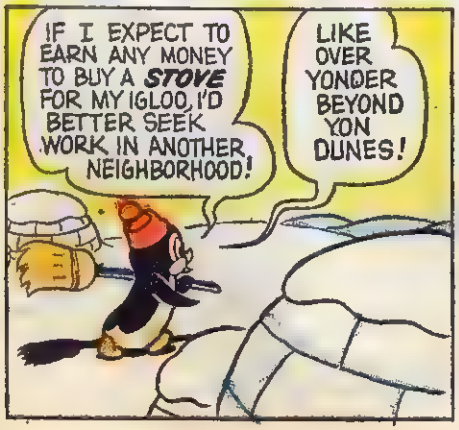

GRRRR! GET ME THROWN OUT OF THE PLAY, WILL YOU? I'LL GET YOU, OLD BUDDY!
ANDY IS A CLOSE FRIEND, BUT I SURE HOPE HE DOESN'T GET ANY CLOSER!

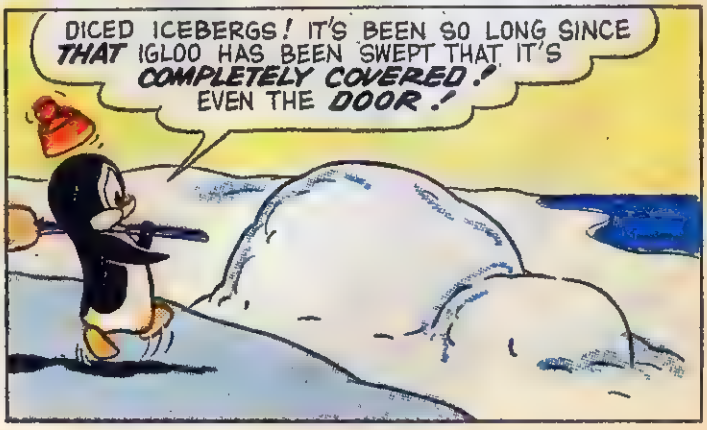
Walter Lantz CHILLY WILLY

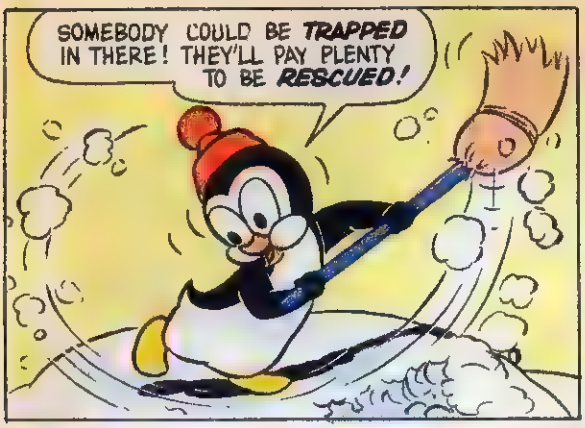
SWEEPER-KEEPER

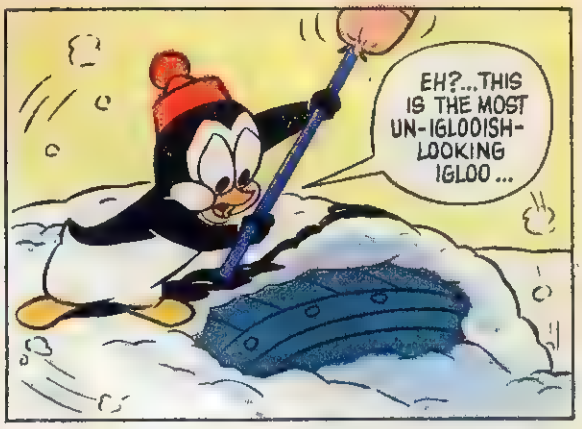


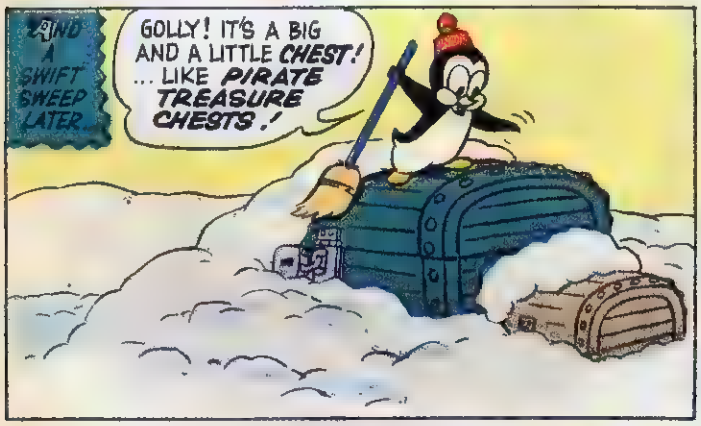




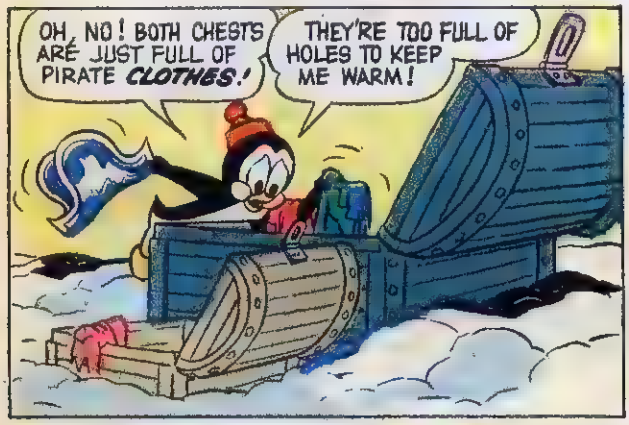


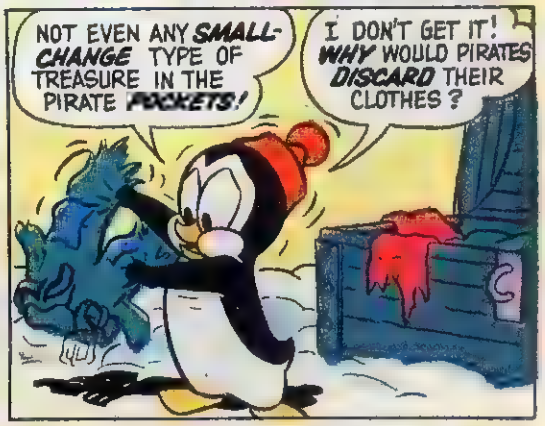

SOMEBODY COULD BE TRAPPED IN THERE! THEY'LL PAY PLENTY TO BE RESCUED!

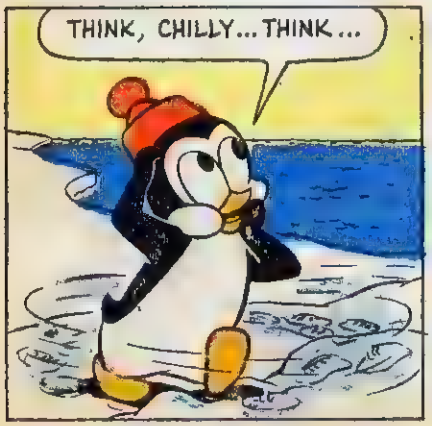

EH?...THIS IS THE MOST UN-IGLOOISH-LOOKING IGLOO...


AND A SWIFT SWEEP LATER...
GOLLY! IT'S A BIG AND A LITTLE CHEST! ...LIKE PIRATE TREASURE CHESTS!

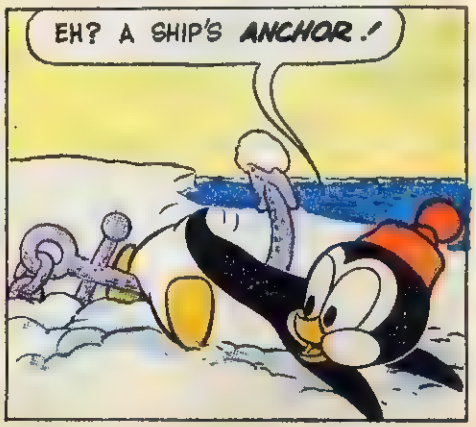
AND THE LAW IS VERY CLEAR ABOUT PIRATE TREASURE...IT'S FINDERS-KEEPERS! HEH! IN THIS CASE... SWEEPER-KEEPER!

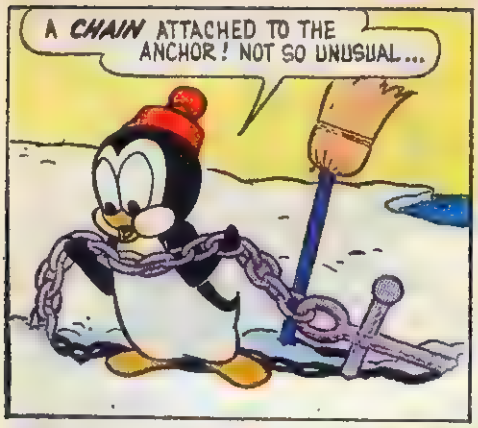

OH, NO! BOTH CHESTS ARE JUST FULL OF PIRATE CLOTHES!
THEY'RE TOO FULL OF HOLES TO KEEP ME WARM!

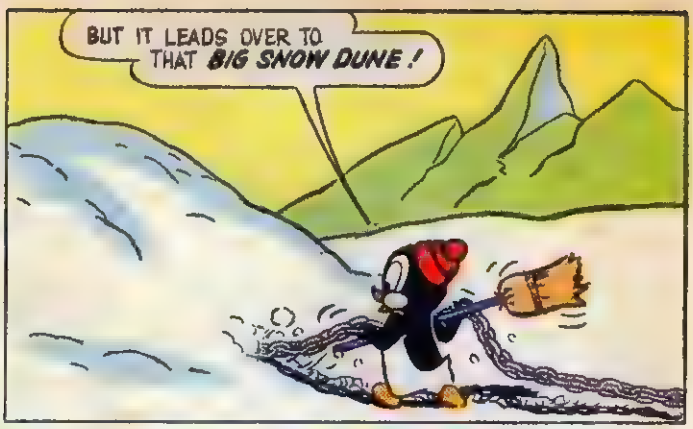

NOT EVEN ANY SMALL-CHANGE TYPE OF TREASURE IN THE PIRATE POCKETS!
I DON'T GET IT! WHY WOULD PIRATES DISCARD THEIR CLOTHES?

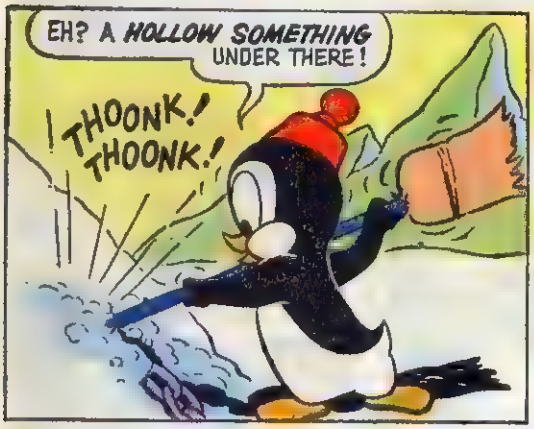

THINK, CHILLY...THINK...

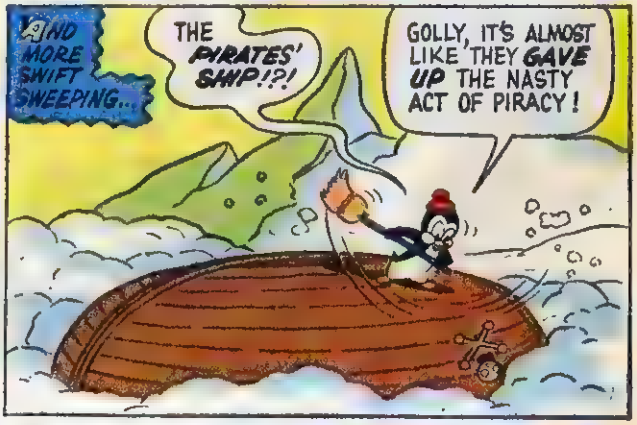
YOW! MY TOE!

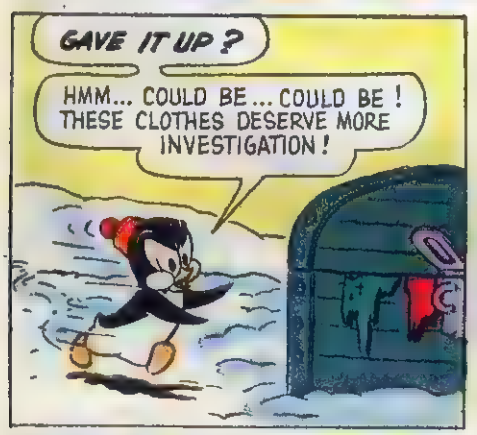

EH? A SHIP'S ANCHOR!

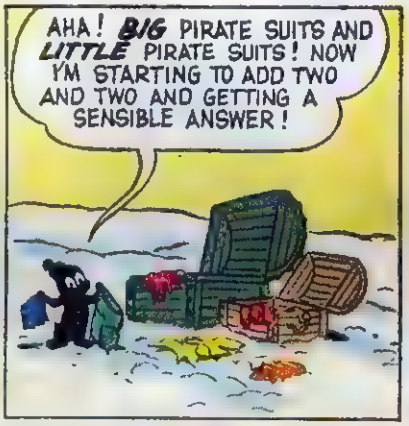

A CHAIN ATTACHED TO THE ANCHOR! NOT SO UNUSUAL...


BUT IT LEADS OVER TO THAT BIG SNOW DUNE!

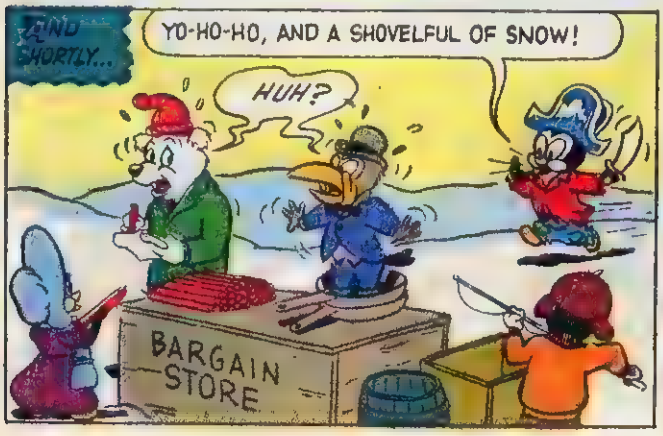

EH? A HOLLOW SOMETHING UNDER THERE!
THOONK! THOONK!

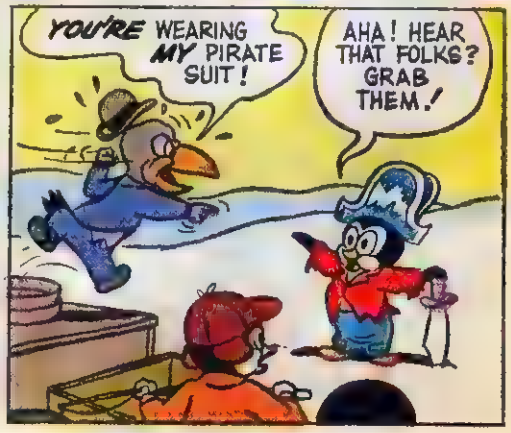

AND MORE SWIFT SWEEPING...
THE PIRATES' SHIP!?!
GOLLY, IT'S ALMOST LIKE THEY GAVE UP THE NASTY ACT OF PIRACY!


GAVE IT UP?
HMM... COULD BE... COULD BE! THESE CLOTHES DESERVE MORE INVESTIGATION!


AHA! BIG PIRATE SUITS AND LITTLE PIRATE SUITS! NOW I'M STARTING TO ADD TWO AND TWO AND GETTING A SENSIBLE ANSWER!

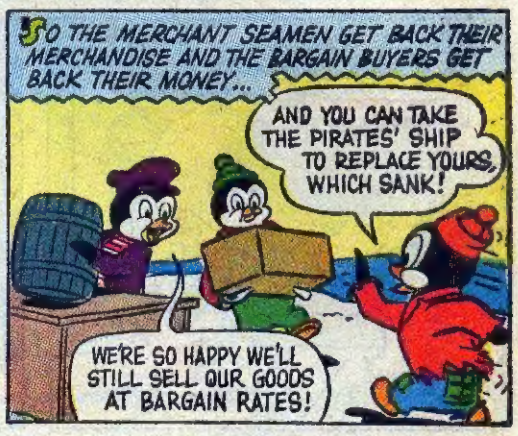
HEH! IF MY DEDUCTION'S RIGHT, A LITTLE SURPRISE MIGHT GIVE THEM AWAY!

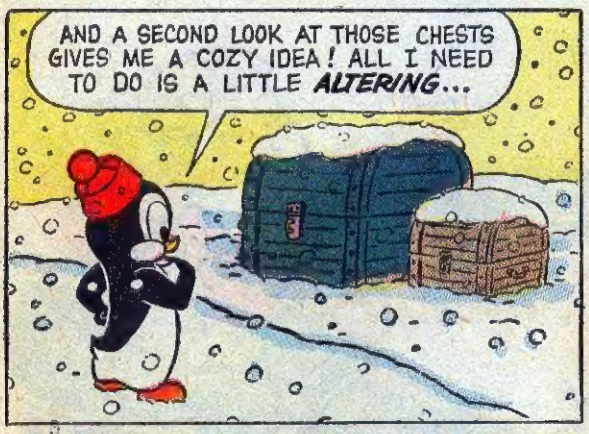

AND SHORTLY...
YO-HO-HO, AND A SHOVELFUL OF SNOW!
HUH?
BARGAIN STORE

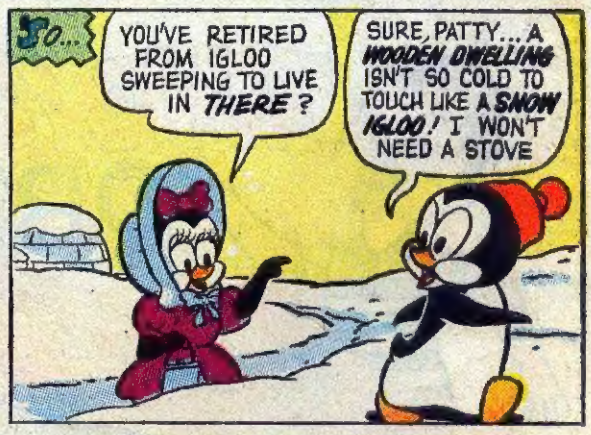

YOU'RE WEARING MY PIRATE SUIT!
AHA! HEAR THAT FOLKS? GRAB THEM!

WE'VE GOT 'EM!
GOOD! HERE COMES A POLAR PATROL BOAT!
HALP! PIRATES!
WE'RE HAVING A BUSY TIME... JUST FOUND THESE MERCHANT SEAMEN ADRIFT ON AN ICE CAKE!
BARGAIN STORE
20¢
POLAR PATROL

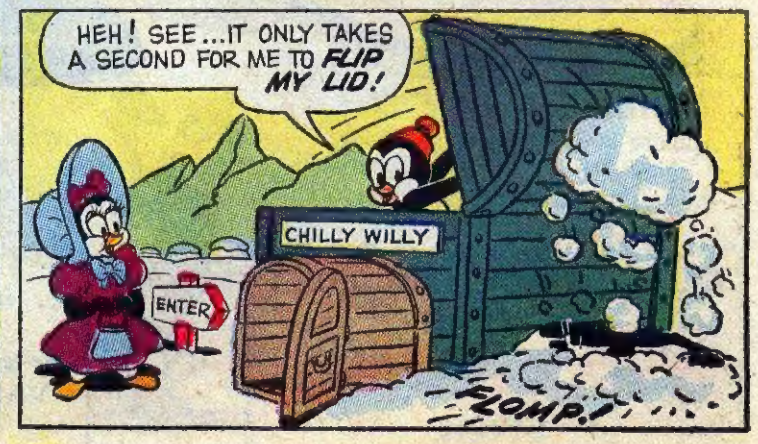
SAY, THOSE ARE THE PIRATES WHO SANK OUR SHIP LAST WEEK AFTER THEY TOOK ALL OUR MERCHANDISE CARGO!
AHA! THAT EXPLAINS WHY THEY ARE SELLING THE STUFF SO CHEAP... IT WAS STOLEN GOODS!


SO THE MERCHANT SEAMEN GET BACK THEIR MERCHANDISE AND THE BARGAIN BUYERS GET BACK THEIR MONEY...
AND YOU CAN TAKE THE PIRATES' SHIP TO REPLACE YOURS, WHICH SANK!
WE'RE SO HAPPY WE'LL STILL SELL OUR GOODS AT BARGAIN RATES!


AND A SECOND LOOK AT THOSE CHESTS GIVES ME A COZY IDEA! ALL I NEED TO DO IS A LITTLE ALTERING...

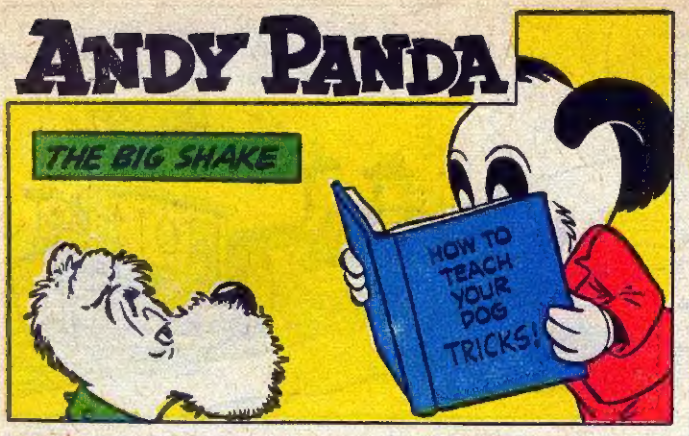

SO...
YOU'VE RETIRED FROM IGLOO SWEEPING TO LIVE IN THERE?
SURE, PATTY... A WOODEN DWELLING ISN'T SO COLD TO TOUCH LIKE A SNOW IGLOO! I WON'T NEED A STOVE

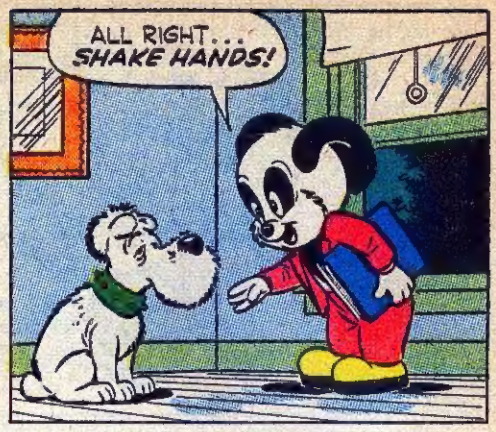
WHY, I WON'T EVEN HAVE TO SPEND MUCH TIME OUT IN THE COLD SWEEPING MY OWN ROOF NOW...

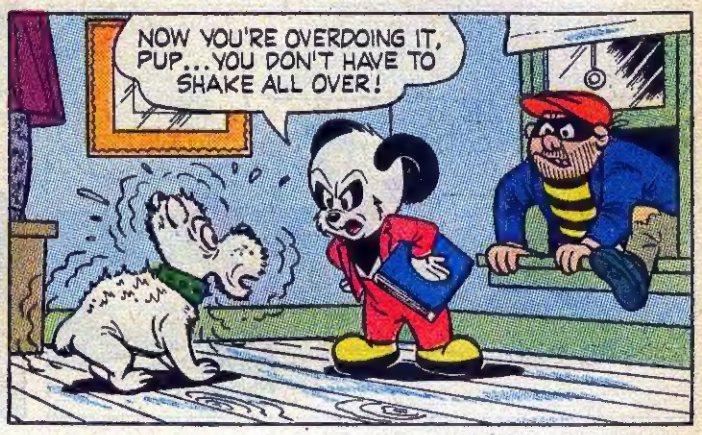

HEH! SEE...IT ONLY TAKES A SECOND FOR ME TO FLIP MY LID!
CHILLY WILLY
ENTER
FLOMP!

ANDY PANDA

THE BIG SHAKE







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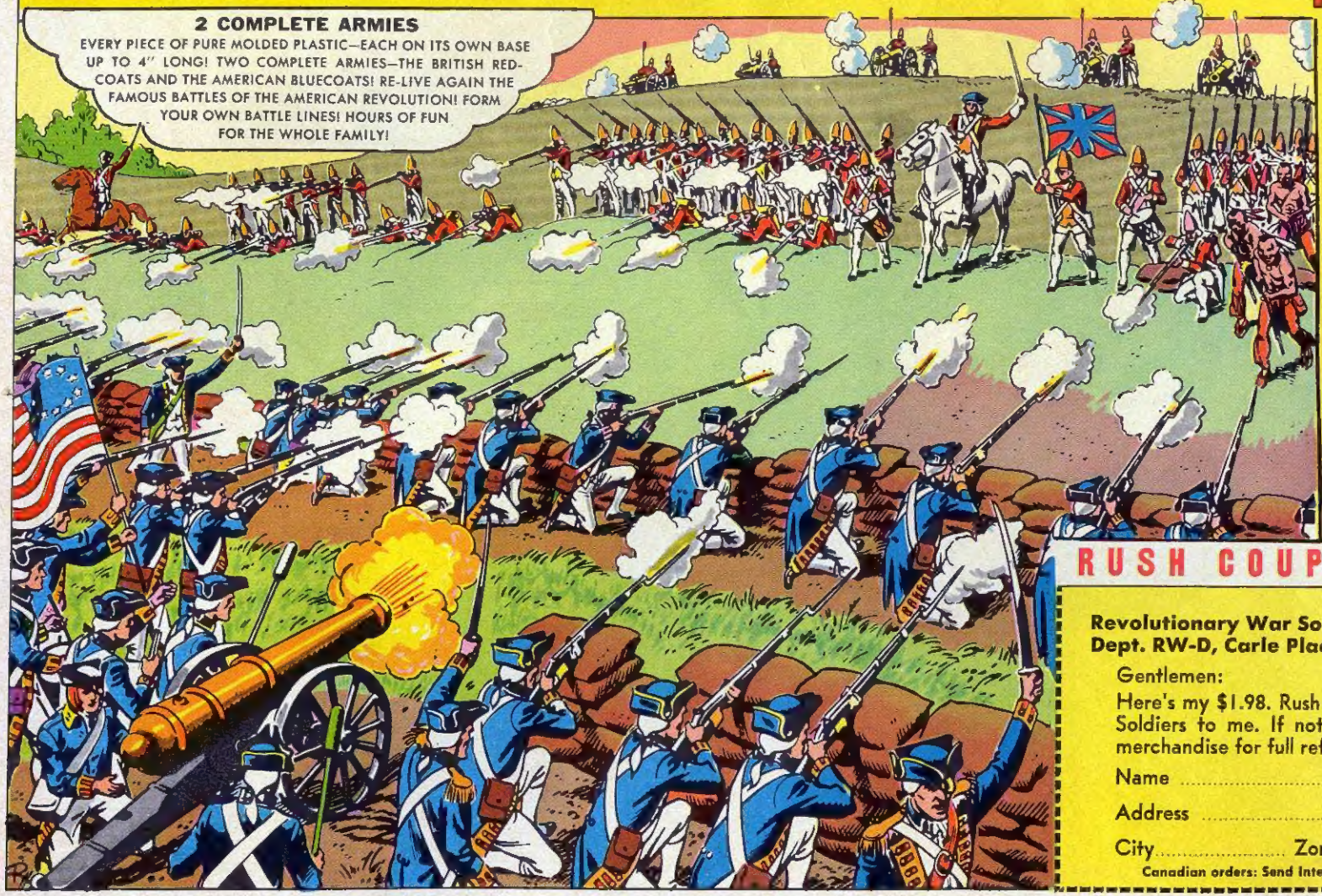

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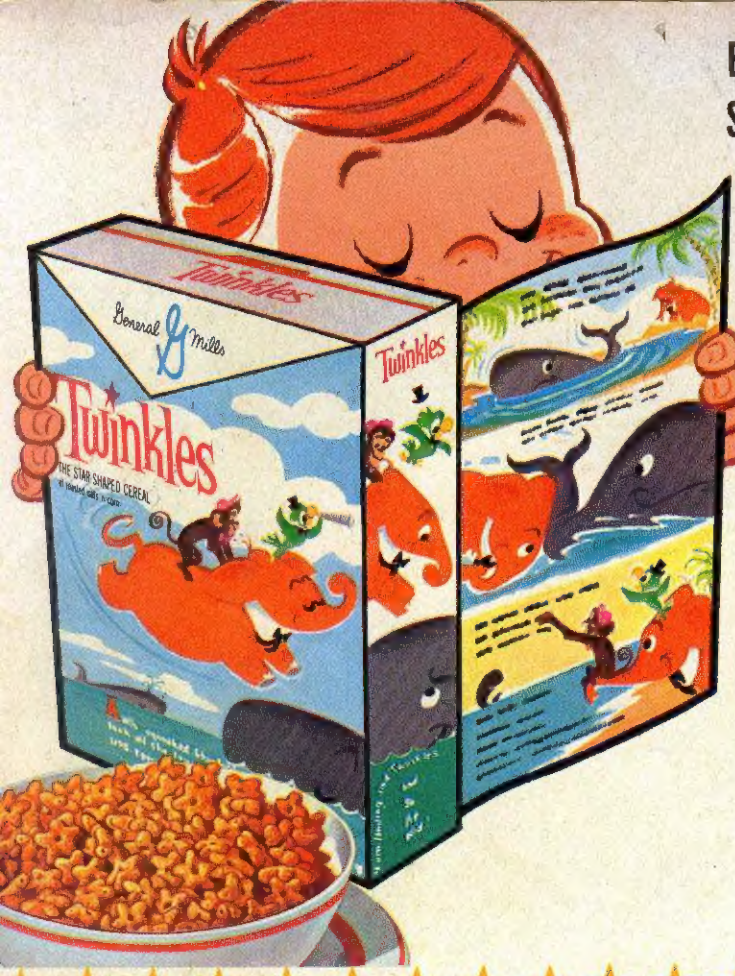

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